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IN TOUCH

RICHARD DICKINSON

CHUCK BALLARD

ROMEO RENYA

CHARC



Jade

... your every move & intention

... your every intention & move

... your intention & move

... the smoothness of your skin
... the high polish of the intellect
... the firm fairness

... the smoothness of your skin

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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1. no. 3

december 1973

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keeping *In Touch*

KUDOS

Dear Mr. Sheffler:

From cover to cover, IN TOUCH has proven to be a long awaited treat; however, rather than confining its contents to the west coast, I hope that you will soon expand your scope and cover our entire Gay community, coast to coast.

We've all needed a quality magazine for a long time, IN TOUCH is by far, the best Gay publication that I've seen and it certainly has a great chance for super success.

Meanwhile, I'll be spreading the word of a great new magazine, all the while looking forward to my next copy.

Again, thank you for IN TOUCH.

Sincerely,
Jeffrey R. Miller

Dear Sir:

I was immediately impressed by the high quality of your publication when I saw it on the stand. Without even looking through it I bought it. I am glad that I did. I see a bright future for this magazine for it fills a need long void of any worthwhile publication. Your attempt to bring a quality, interesting and responsible and I hope responsive monthly to the homophile community is certainly a success in the first issue. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
John F. Sanger

Dear Editor:

Congratulations! You have done what so many others have tried and failed to do. You brought to Southern California, a much needed slick magazine that incorporates QUALITY, DIGNITY AND TASTE.

All your articles were informative as well as enjoyable and for someone as much on the go as I am, your "In Touch Dines Out" and your "Where It's At" sections make a very handy guide in solving the "age old" problem of where to dine and where to go after dining!

Thank you for bringing us such a fine magazine. I'm sure your success will be enormous.

With Love
From Johnny Johnston

Our thanks to all of you who wrote. Many of your suggestions were well taken and future issues will show the

results. We never dreamed there was anything J.J. didn't know about Southern California —Ed.

Richard Thomas and The Nude Bit
Dear Sirs:

I received the first copy of your magazine and was very pleased with its content. I especially enjoyed the story and pictures of Richard Thomas. One of the most sensuous young actors to come along in the field. However at a later date I feel a more revealing article and layout on this young man would be in order. Also I think in the future more nude photography would add to the magazine. But overall it is great.

Sincerely,
Donald S. Price

Dear Sir:

I think I will enjoy future issues if they are as good as the first one. I enjoyed the article on Richard Thomas (The Waltons) and also the cartoons of Gay life. I am not concerned over how many male nude models you can get to pose for your magazines (although some are nice).

Sincerely,
Larry Saunders

Gentlemen,

I have read the first issue of IN TOUCH and respond as you request. I think Richard Thomas is a living doll. Nevertheless, from what I read he is straight. On the masthead we have the legend, "celebrating gay awareness." Nothing in the article has anything to do with being Gay.

Max

Since you have decided that males do have cocks and have decided to show them (page 20) then let's not play coy with the centerspread.

So many letters have been received requesting more nudes, that we feel a comment is necessary. While we would be among the last to deny the attraction of a good cock, and while we agree to its importance to Gay awareness, we also feel that perhaps awareness needs to go considerably further than the genitals and even the word gay. There are more than enough sex mags around, but very few that celebrate the whole man in all his diversity and beauty.

Thus, we feel that we are neither required to sell nudes nor to hide man's body.

Similarly, we don't feel that we must limit ourselves only to Gays or to people who want to talk about Gay, but are free to talk about anything of interest to our entire life style. —Ed.

THOSE JIM MORRISON PHOTOS

Dear Hugh Harrison

Got my first copy of IN TOUCH and enjoyed your column.

You mention that there are a few bootleg photos of Jim Morrison's Florida appearance. Can you tell me how to get them?

I was a real fan and have been wondering if any were taken. Any help you can give me in this matter will be appreciated.

Sincerely,
Dylan Ross

Harrison informs us that the photos were on the bulletin board at Elektra Records. Unfortunately someone beat him to the punch and removed them before he could get copies. All attempts to locate them proved futile. —Ed.

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BLINDNESS

I silvered your wrist
once with a circling
of an arrow~
head symboling you
cupided into my circle.
But you would not
wear this unending circle,
saying your hand
had fingers far
too stubby for jewelry.
Yet I have known long
interlacing with your fingers...
experienced their yardsticking grope
for life. I have fevered
with their spanning
pulsations of fire; I have sensed
their great lengths
cometing over and through
the cosmos of me.

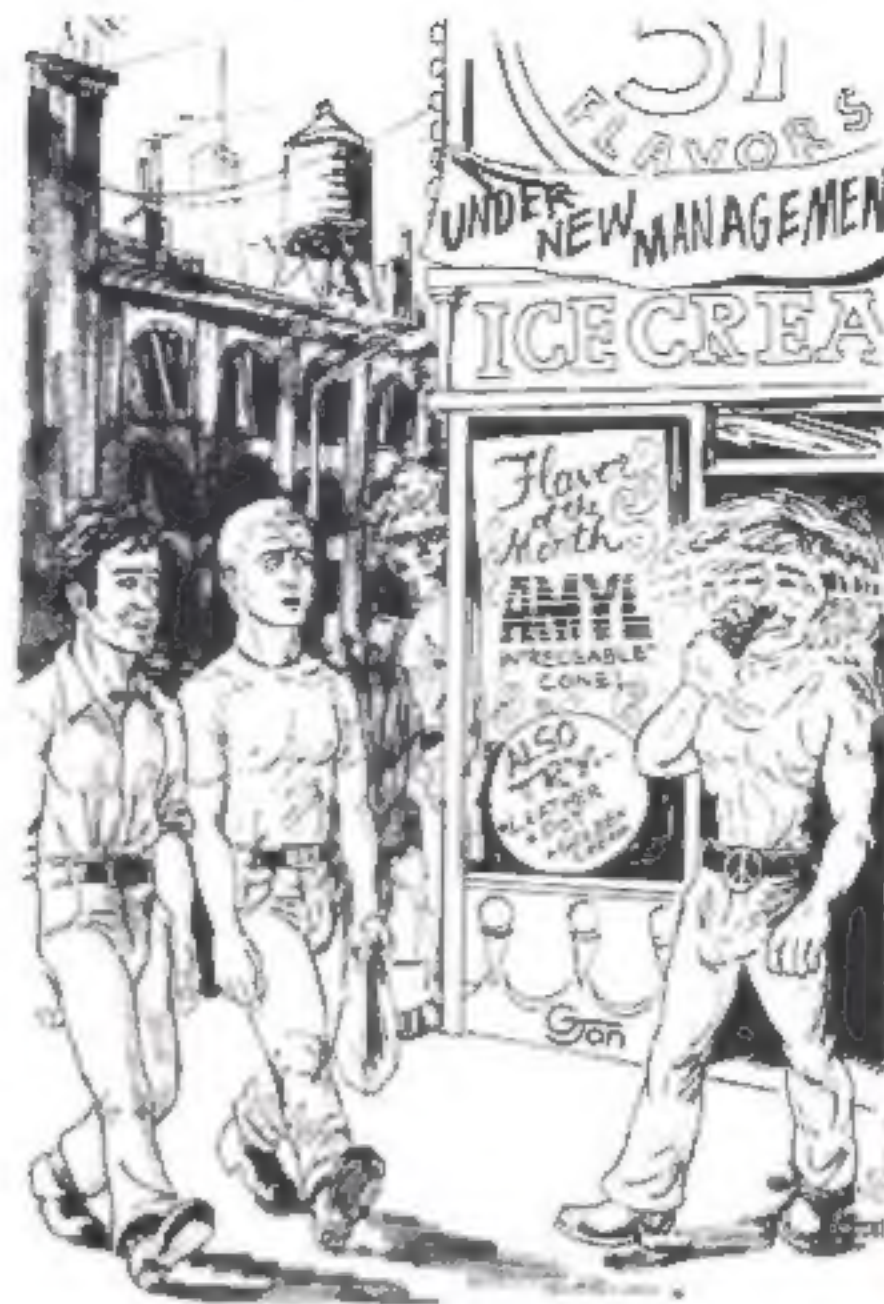
How strange...I
never saw
until you arrowheaded
me with the fact
that you
have stubby fingers.





IN TOUCH

Humor



THE BARFLUS



"I thought those two broke up."



"Kid, with me as front man and you bringing up the rear we should have one hell of a business."

IN TOUCH comments

While the state Senate's self-proclaimed Mormon mouthpiece, Pasadena's Sen. John Harmer, has been frustrated in his frantic attempts to close adult films and theatres, despite the resounding defeat of his Censorship Proposition 18 last fall, he still insists that such films attract criminal elements and deviates, decrease property values, erode public morality, increase the probability of sexual promiscuity and divorce and invite similar unsavory businesses into the area. But in the total confusion left by the Watergate Court's puerile ruling on censorship, anything could happen in the sex-film field. . . . Like a lot more police raids. . . .

Police chief Davis also seems determined to bluster his way around the voter's verdict of this past June. The victories of Pines, Bradley and Stevenson each meant among other things that citizens of Los Angeles were tired of police harassment of Gays, but Davis, who has several sides to his mouth, goes on saying on the one hand that he and his force do not harass Gays, on the other that they will go on doing so no matter who tries to stop him, and on the third hand that he only enforces the laws that are on the books.

The five new police commissioners appointed by Bradley are technically Davis' boss. They have the authority to tell him what to do and how to do it.

And they look promising. With four liberals and one man who had real standing in the department itself, perhaps some changes could be made without the dangerous tactic of making a martyr of Davis.

In meetings with Gay representatives, the President and Vice President of the Commission expressed support for the Brown Bill; promised that Gays can bring complaints in person or through a representative without fear of reprisal; and promised to review police enforcement practices in this area.

But Davis is trying some new tricks. Such as the citations issued in Griffith Park for fire-violations. We've long requested that when the "action" at a location gets too heavy, the police issue warnings before making mass arrests, and to their mind, this may have been such a fair warning (but why did they handcuff the 39 cited, hold them up to two hours, and rough up some?). There have been several meetings held between Gays and police officials, and a Liason Officer (which we've been asking for since 1967) may soon be appointed, but we have lots of misunderstandings to iron out.

His recent public statements have been appalling: on KNBC he bragged that his LAPD ignores the anti-adultery laws, used his flouting of that law as an argument for its repeal, then added that

anti-homosexual laws ought not to be repealed because "almost every country has laws against it." Untrue. Russia, Albania, Spain and Portugal are among the few western nations still making homosexual acts illegal. His assertion that the Arabs lost the Six Days' War because of their endorsement of homosexuality is arrant nonsense. Despite an unusual degree of open male prostitution (which often exists in spite of the law) in some Arab cities, several Arab countries exact the world's most severe penalties for homosexual acts.

He said, "The murders in Houston are an example of the fact that there is no such thing as a victimless crime when it comes to homosexuality." This again exemplifies his dangerous inability to distinguish between individual criminals and any class of people Davis dislikes. Murderers come in all categories—including police. His statements seem a direct cause of two incidents of severe police beatings of Gays that same weekend, and led to the first Gay picketing in Los Angeles in some time, and to the institution of the Gay Park Ranger service, to warn individuals in certain Griffith Park areas that they are courting arrest. . . .

Police problems aren't exclusively a Los Angeles feature. In Indianapolis, the police even raided a Metropolitan Community Church service—but they backed off when the woman minister told them off.

—JIM KEPNER



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The CALENDAR

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MEETINGS

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for DECEMBER

W	T	F	S
5 ART FESTIVAL SPONSORED by the HAWKS for the benefit of HELP THE BRASS RAIL 836 N. Highland Hollywood	6 <i>Jason Miller's</i> THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON Starring Forrest Tucker Opened a seven week run last night at the SHUBERT THEATRE 2020 Avenue of the Stars	7 8:00 p.m. Lecture Series on Gay Studies by JIM KEPNER first 3 Fridays in December ONE, INC. 2256 Venice Blvd. L.A. (near Western)	1 8
1 2		1 4	1 5 8:00 p.m. Monthly meeting of DIGNITY NEWMAN CENTER 4665 Willowbrook Los Angeles
1 9	2 0	2 1	2 2
2 6	2 7 <i>Ben Bogley's</i> THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER Opens a 5-week engagement OFF BROADWAY 314 "F" Street San Diego		2 9

IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS **BATHS** *Restaurants* **THEATRES** *Shops*

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

THE PUB—Tourists, beach boys, and locals mix well in this casual atmosphere. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S—Prime leather and Levi stalking, always a horde, lines form for weekend congregating. Studs show early. Bikes. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

1170—It is there.

BUNKHOUSE—Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR—Familiar cruisy location has given birth to new center of activity. Western and leather mixing it up with beer and culture. Films and games and original music. Find it at the corner of Santa Monica and Sunset in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita, Los Angeles.

FALCON'S LAIR—Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising. 742 N. Highland, Hollywood.

JAGUAR—Mixed, heavy cruising mingles with swaying crowd. Lines on weekends. Notorious Sunday conventions. 7511 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM—Very mixed and lively. Withire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy laughter and liquor. 1600 W 6th, Los Angeles, Withire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU—Speak-easy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd. **WEEKENDS**. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy pool room waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE HAYLOFT—Western bar designed for cruising. Mixed afterhours holds good bunch. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TRUCK STOP—T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER—Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a pool room temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

JIM'S CORRAL—Some of the hunkiest num-

bers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Becoming stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry. 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S—Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST—Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12689 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS—Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING—Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB—Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

PADDLE BOARD II—Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S—Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

NEW LAGOON SALOON—REMODELING. Newly leather, great layout for fun bar, lots of rooms and huge patio. Bike club meetings. Go on in and meet Ray and find out what's happening when. Some crazy trade. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM—Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF—All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE OUTCAST—Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gangs mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at

Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

TRADESMAN—Double bar, double movies. Raunchy before hours becomes cruisy after-hours throng. Just off the alley. Melrose at Vista, West Hollywood.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop crowd keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

AFTER DARK—Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S—All night dancing, traditional chicken has expanded afterhours, large platoon into fashion, large funk faction, friendly pool players, coffee drinkers, jitterbuggers, and must-score posse. 8452 Melrose, West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS—Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyled stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—The dancers meet here for nightly congregational. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE—Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS—Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia; Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whitsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE—Fun saloon atmos hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars, separate dance floor; small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd.

crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTRIGGER—Hybrid tribe into dancing, beachbar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO'S—Intersexual mix, mostly grrls' bar with large re-inforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

ALL NIGHT LONG—Phantasmagorical light show with quadraphonic sound and plenty of weird people dancing here and there and anywhere. Mostly into fashion, there is a loud clatter of platform heels but the mob is mixed

and cruising also is fine. New bar, still shaping identity, whatever that is in a place like that. 7011 Melrose, Hollywood.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR—Rudy is waiting to take care of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

THE PARK—Sometimes crowd has plenty of room for dancing or carousing around elevated beer bar. Weekend cover, Afterhours. 4648 Melrose, Los Angeles.

RIVER CLUB—Two bars, one comfortable bar with nice leaners-on watching small floor filled with graceful dancers, also a corner bar

near the pool table where the boys are supposed to hang out. 3152 Riverside Dr., in North Silver Lake.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE—Small crowd for dancing, dark and crussy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

BRASSKAIL—Bashbar has moved up front to condone date cruising grounds, a safer bet than last month for groovy cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP—Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II—Services large South Bay area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmos. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

BARBARY COAST—Large dance floor holds good weekend crowd. Dance and look up at silver bellies plopping into the airport. Exciting and noisy flight pattern. 2431 Pacific Hwy., San Diego.

HOP HOUSE—Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

THE AIRPORT—Formerly Latin nightclub has given way to the Silver Lake surge. Good neighborhood for large dance floor. Should catch on, probably already has. Friendly, check it out. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend rush at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD—Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

BLA BLA CAFE—Coffeehouse atmos with plenty of good acts. Great for insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

C'EST LA VIE—Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

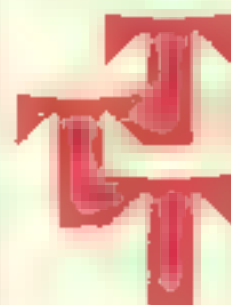
CAESAR'S—Quality live acts, impersonators and comics. Reservations suggested. 12179½ Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM—Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again. 472 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER—Large lounge with great piano bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show



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tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

LITTLE CAVE—Country and western piano bar, everyone sings. 3111 Sunset, Silver Lake.

PIER XII—Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY'S CELEBRITY HOUSE—Gina at the piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Part of this entertainment complex includes a show room for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 433-0331.

SHOW BIZ—Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His **TURNABOUTS** is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonations, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators, comic skits, live and pantomime; amateur nights. The showroom now has a name—The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

MARY'S HANG UP—Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a most unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SUNSETEAST—Slowly an alley cat showbar is becoming famous. O.K. cruising, good crowds, weekend floor shows. 4007 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

SHIP 'N SHORE—Behind Captain D's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the faded planet. Entertainment every week end includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there, 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

COMING CLEAN

HYPERION BATHS—Clean, adequate facilities, friendly attendants, educated clientele. Daytime bath, especially fun on Wednesday afternoon and other early evenings. 2114 N. Hyperion, Silverlake, L.A.

CYPRESS BATHS—Busy South Pasadena spot open to the public with 22 rooms and upstairs. Steam and sauna. Nice attendants, weekend crowds. 3241 N. Figueroa, South Pasadena. Mt. Washington.

SERPENT B CLUB—Private club. Clean, responsible institution. Large growing crowd each night. Gym, Sauna, Color T.V., 25 rooms. 4109 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood.

YMAC—Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

3rd STREET ATHLETIC CLUB—Private club with nice facilities. Young, healthy, and lively members and quiet, private rooms. 8709 W

3rd St., West Hollywood.

ORLANDO BATHS—Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 A.M. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB—Private bath, guests welcome. Usually active but not too busy. Mature crowd. 7269 Melrose, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS—Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATHS—Mature crowd turns lively and mixed afterhours weekends. Private rooms usually filled and hallways light for cruising. Good rendezvous spot. 5524 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MID-TOWNE BATHS—The best facilities to be found, includes three floors of private rooms, swimming pool indoors, jacuzzi, two steam rooms, lounges, game room, television room, and restaurant. Cleanest facilities and best accommodations. Large membership and many Saturday night guests. 24 hours. 615 S. Kohler, Downtown Los Angeles.

GLEN'S—Turkish baths around the clock. Mobs caravan only on weekends. Established. 4550 Brooklyn, East Los Angeles.

CORRAL CLUB—Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Ca-

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'I hate it, but I use it twice a day'

huenga, Studio City.

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL BATH—Convenient North Hollywood bath with plenty of private rooms and a very interesting series of interconnected bunk rooms. Friendly attendants and open membership. 5729 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

HOLIDAY BATHS—Decent setup, good service; open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

WELLINGTON CLUB—Around the clock crowd, mostly young with a lot of humpy numbers. Nice facilities with outdoor heated pool and patio. 1202 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS—Downtown mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

DAVE'S—Always busy with weekend crush scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

GLEN'S—Not private, open 24 hours, steam room, sauna, color TV, poolroom, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura Frwy, 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS—Very private affairs are over fast and roam around corridors filled with shameless lovers and recreant employees.

5013 York, Highland Park, L.A.

L.A. TUBS—Formerly 4424. Nice weekend crowds, mixed and western. Steam room, private rooms, recuperation room, TV, lockers. Small but nice. 4424 Melrose, Los Angeles.

AQUARIUS—Small steam room showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB—Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your ditty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up the clientele of this frolic spot. Just fifteen minutes from Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. During off-ramp construction call (213) 686-1851 for loving guidance. They're at 10715 Garvey in El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S SPA—Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the aisles from scene to scene, a variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY—Sex on the sluds stays healthier near the beach. 221 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT—Selma Avenue rest stop mixes it up with golden Cadillacs and neighborhood alley cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

SPEAK 39—Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drags. Gets rough, gets hap-

py, gets tough, gets frolicky, and always alive Cahuenga at Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

ALDO 5—Just off the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome when ladylike. Bartenders are the friendliest. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY—Dance floor for mixed rabble, friendly trade on break. Perennial spot with ever-changing environments. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY—Bud Venture of the Alibi is a sometimes busy place and tourist rest stop, usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON—Bizarre atmosphere has become home for trade gone gay. Good spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine, in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE—Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1626 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

THE NEW GASLIGHT—Promising renaissance in alley fare, should have no trouble in bringing crowd together. On the grounds of the late Sewers of Paris, with the namesake of the Vieux Carre, something is bound to happen. Check it out, just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theatre, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE—Clean and comfortable with well-behaved clientele usually. Will score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

1 B 5—Cozy spot for alley cats to get to know each other. 6365 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR—Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

LAST CALL SALOON—Trade, Latins, Oakies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD 5—Cuspidor and linoleum atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF—Spittoon and concrete atmosphere plays host to heavy traffic mix of mainstreet locals, trade, servicemen, Latins, and other fiery types. 527 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE CROWN JEWEL—Downtown locals, traveling trade, California caballeros, and tourists blend in mellow scene. Good pool. 754 S. Olive, Downtown L.A.

CIRCLE BAR—City gentlemen play host to country boys. 324 W. 5th, Downtown L.A.

THE HAVEN—City street locals find agreeably comfortable shelter and amazingly accommodating trade at pool table. Broadway at Long Beach Blvd., Downtown Long Beach.

BRADLEY'S—On Horton Plaza, this huge barroom opens back its doors to heavy down-

Continued on Page 57

rising star Enter Stage Right, RICHARD DICKINSON

The moment the curtain rises on *Cantique de la Vie* by the Gene Marinaccio Ballet troupe you sense you're in the presence of a great new star. Richard Dickinson, barely 20, has an overpowering technique, far beyond the scope of his time spent on this planet. His is a God-given talent and the stuff of which prodigies are made.

Dick was born August 21st, 1953, one of six children (he has two brothers and three sisters) of Joanne & Morris Dickinson of Valinda, a suburb of West Covina. His father, a tool and dye maker in the City of Industry, was not eager to have a ballet dancer for a son but Richard bugged him for six months to begin lessons. Finally, at the ripe old age of ten he started under the aegis of Joyce Coker at the Roland Recreation Department. Here he learned there is no such word as *Can't*. Study hours were long but mother's milk to the boy and he scarfed them up. Five years later he heard about the LeMone Ballet Center in Pasadena. He attended one of the rehearsals, watched intently the work of teacher Tedd Welsch and, before he realized it, was one of the company. Mr. Welsch instilled a passion for dancing into Dick and eventually brought him, Gwyn Taylor, Gerald Moreno and Charlene Innerbichler to Gene Marinaccio.

Richard says: "Gene has put it all together. He has shown me where I stand." On stage Dickinson is a tower of strength, his discipline honed to a fine edge and all of his aspirations in place. Off stage he is quite different. He is basically a shy, introverted person, often tongue-tied in the presence of strangers and totally without scintillation at a party full of people he doesn't know. He lets his work speak for him and already the adulation is beginning to come. Relatives have asked him to autograph his ballet shoes and, dutifully, he has done so. Ecstatic fans have rushed into his dressing room spouting lavish praise and all he can think to respond in return is to nod his mane of long hair and smile that disarming smile of his.

Gene wanted him to cut his hair, a creation of Jacques at Vingt Trois Dix in Westwood, but he has stubbornly resisted this. Already, it has become his trademark in the company, the thing that sets him apart and spells out: here is somebody with individuality.

Along the way in his career he recalls dancing a peppermint stick for Welsch at a Christmas affair and,

later doing a Fantasy on Parade with Gerald Moreno at Disneyland. But his greatest joy so far has been the numerous appearances with the Marinaccio Ballet that have taken him to the Delacorte Theatre in New York, to Cal Poly in Pomona, Santa Barbara, the Vanguard Theatre here on Melrose and the stage at USC.

"What do you think of college as a training ground for dancers?"

"Not much," he was quick to reply. "I remember seeing a recital once at USC and burning all through it. Later I found myself at the stage door screaming 'This is not the way dance should be!'"

"I suppose a young Nureyev might react like that."

"Don't call me that! I don't want to be a young anybody. I want to be myself! Besides, I don't like Nureyev. He's just a bag of tricks. He's doing tricks because the public expects that of him and he obliges."

"How about his roles? Wouldn't you like to dance them?"

"I certainly want no part of *Swan Lake*. For some reason I have this mental block against it. Prince Siegfried doesn't do anything in the ballet. He just parades around the stage. But I suppose I'll have to dance him eventually. But, when I do, I expect to do more with him than I have seen others do so far."

"Wouldn't you like to have a Fonteyn-Nureyev thing going for you?"

"Hell no! It's all for the woman. I want people to know that I'm behind her, lifting her and dancing too. I'd like to dance with Gwyn Taylor if for nothing else than to not let her take full stage and everything else out of the Don Quixote Pas de Deux. I intend to be better than Nureyev. After all, I'm younger."

"Has it all been smooth sailing for you in your work?"

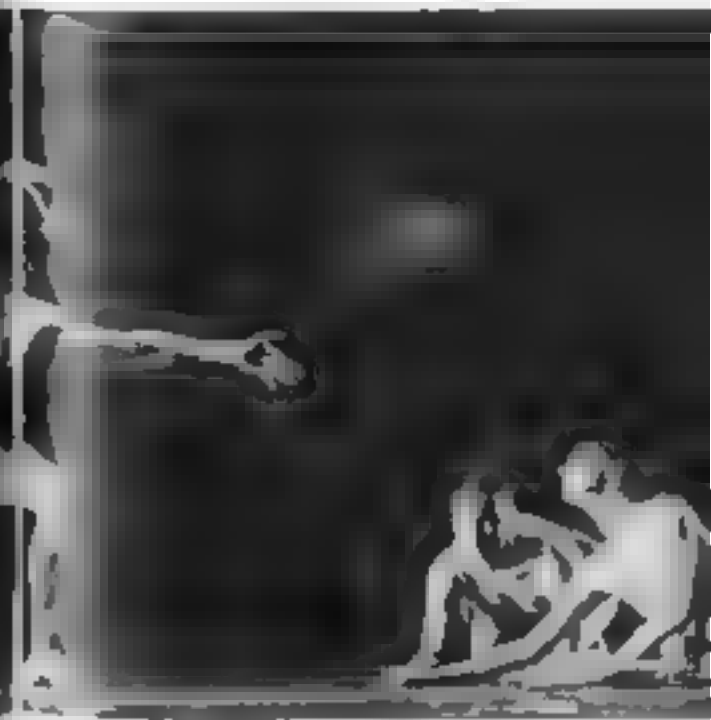
"No. Nothing ever is. Once I threw my back out of place. Something went wrong with my tail bone. I had to go to a chiropractor and have it put back in. I was so used to walking with it out I found I couldn't walk with it in and I had to have people carrying me around for three days. So I just sat and watched rehearsals. But I never miss any. Gene has us rehearse 7½ hours per day, from 9-2 and then class from 2-5:30."

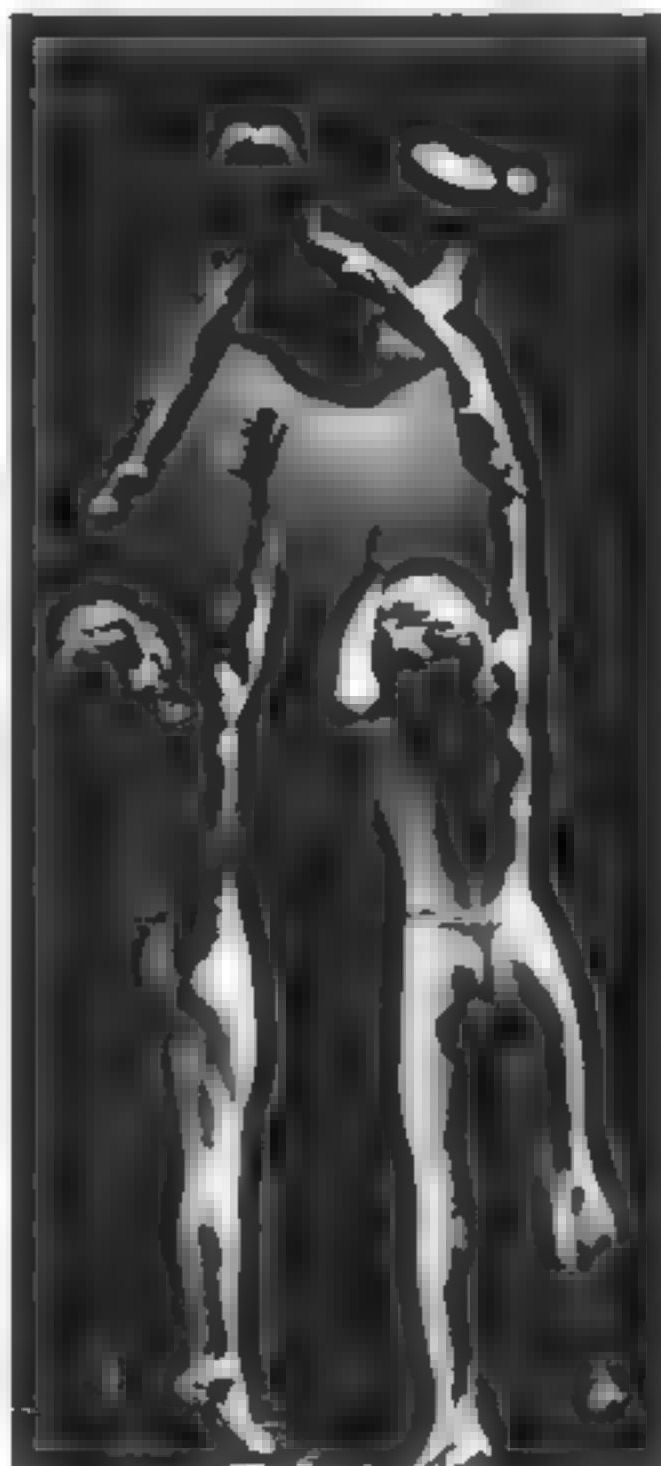
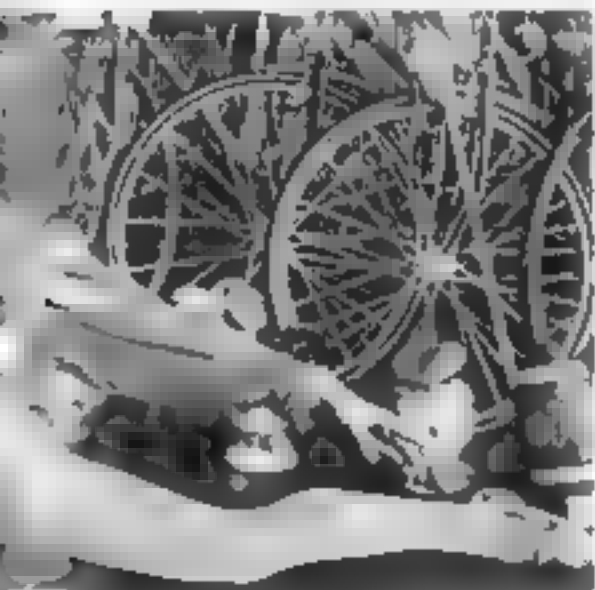
"Isn't that tiring?"





by Allan Leopold
photographs by Hy Chase







"You bet. But the tireder you get the better you perform. I read that book of Angas DeMille's, *Dance to the Piper* and it's true. A dancer is no good until all the muscles ache in his body."

At this point I decided to inject the dumb questions

"We've got to keep this interview stereotyped."

"Must we? Why?"

I smiled, "So people will know they're meeting a dancer. What are your favourite ballets and ballet dancers, male and female?"

"Oh that. Must we?"

"Absolutely."

Dick sighed, "O.K., if we must. Put down Anthony Dowell of the Royal Ballet and Cynthia Gregory of the American Ballet Theatre. Favourite ballet; *Les Sylphides* absolutely. I sat in the balcony once and watched the American Ballet Theatre do it. It's such a beautiful ballet. The dance patterns flow so well. The pure white costumes are so gorgeous. I always get entranced whenever I watch it. It's a trippy thing."

"How do you support yourself between ballets?"

"Good question. I used to be an usher at the Music Center." Dick paused and looked both ways before

whispering, "and I once worked for an Underground Book Company."

"What about the future?"

"Oh, that's all in the hands of Mr. Marinaccio. Nadia Boulanger who did the music for *Contique* is trying to book us into Paris. Channel 28 plans to tape us sometime in November. The Far East is on the docket for next March.

"How did you actually get into the Marinaccio company?"

"A boy was disrespectful to Gene and I was chosen as his replacement. Mr. Marinaccio has taught me how to teach myself. He is a creative genius. I want to work with him as long as I can all through my formative years."

"Do you ever fear you might forget some of your steps prior to a performance?"

"I used to but not any more. My technique grows stronger everyday. And I know now that when I go onstage, it will carry me through."

"One parting word for *In Touch* readers. What is your advice to aspiring dancers?"

"Work your ass off. That's what it is. To literally work your ass off. And love doing it."





fashion

ACCESSORIES

**Far Out and
Down Below**

by Jay Ross

photography by Dave Sands

A trip down North Robertson Blvd. and a turn in at number 458 will simulate a trip through an erratic time-machine. The years from 1880 through 1939 are deliciously jumbled. Art Nouveau, Moderne and Art Deco are surprisingly compatible as demonstrated in TIBERIO'S Disneyland of nostalgia.

The natural progression of styling becomes evident when seen juxtaposed. In the latter nineteenth century, Victorian style consisted of gingerbread heaped upon gingerbread without the slightest regard for aesthetics. To

become known as a designer, one didn't start from scratch or eliminate a predecessor's work, but just added to it, with the full knowledge that the ladies in the family of the purchaser would add their loving-hands-at-home touches. Antimacassars decorated the backs and arms of furniture and the "limbs" (legs was an unmentionable word) of tables and pianos had to suffer the indignity of being covered in frilly "panties."

Then along came artists like Tiffany, who extracted beauty from the chaos, and Art Nouveau

was born. Design became organic, often imitating trees, flowers, plants and seashells. Function and decoration would be encapsulated into one unified design, instead of a collection of mis-matched clumps.

The ornate roccoco ambience of the period was gradually simplified until some of the artists rediscovered the beauty in a single leaf or blade of grass.

With the arrival of the twentieth century, design became a science and an industry. The flowing curves of nature were abstracted into straight lines, angles and circles. The ruler, T-Square, triangle and compass became the tools of designers. Aesthetics were achieved via mathematical formulae. Besides, simple geometric shapes were much easier to reproduce by machine. Some of the works by the great masters of Moderne have validity today and form the foundation of our modern furnishings; but their precept of "form follows function" was abused by lesser talented hacks, who were responsible for a plethora of cold, empty, badly-proportioned eyesores.

A reaction set in and soon artists were filling in every square inch of plain surface with intricate designs. They utilized the newly-popular square, triangles and circles and seemed to be vying with each other to get the most into a given area. Some dipped back into the Art Nouveau period and arranged their geometric shapes into free-form patterns. This ornate bastardization of old and new came to be known as Art Deco.

Paul Tiberio opened his shop on Decorators' Row six years ago. He started with a variety of antiques, but within two years he had acquired such a fantastic stock of Nouveau, Moderne and Deco items that he phased out the older pieces and decided to specialize. Besides, these period pieces are a

lot more fun.

Paul's collection has been written up in *Los Angeles Magazine*, *After Dark*, *The London Times* and *The Los Angeles Times*. He regularly supplies items for the Dinah Shore, Sonny and Cher and Julie Andrews television shows and his upcoming movie credits are "Mame," "Chinatown" and "Day of the Locust."

Tiberio's Los Feliz home was used as the setting for this month's fashion feature. The pair of large tripod stands were copied, in the late 1800's, from the bronze original in Pompeii. They had been severely expurgated to conform to the Victorian moral code. The geometrically-etched steel panels formerly covered the elevator doors in the recently-raised Richfield Building in downtown Los Angeles. The black and natural cork table was designed by Paul Frankl, circa 1930, for Metropolitan Opera star Lauritz Melchior, as was the sideboard, holding movie magazines of the period

Batgirl, in ivory and bronze, is an exquisite example of the work of Preiss, a foremost Deco artist of the '20's. The fabulous iceberg is carved out of a translucent block of onyx and is topped with alabaster polar bears. The light in the base helps make this one of the most unusual conversation pieces of all time.

San Francisco's former Sutro Baths is depicted on the huge lithograph. One of the most spectacular bathhouses in the world, the Sutro gave its clients a choice of hot, cold, salt or fresh water and even included an ice-skating rink. The RKO bathing suit modeled by Shawn, was used by Olympic swimming champ, and one-time Tarzan, Buster Crabbe.

Most of the period jewelry shown here was originally designed for women, but that was before the days of Men's Lib. If the bracelets, rings, pins or necklaces seem too dainty; try two or more at a time, that'll butch it up. These are for fun, as well as

beauty, and come in a wide variety of materials; gold, silver, marquisite, carnelian, sapphire, lucite, bakelite and enamel.

A number of the cigarette cases are souvenirs of World's Fairs, from New York in 1939 on back. The compacts can be used as snuff boxes—a guaranteed conversation stopper.

Art Nouveau is represented by rings, bracelets and belt buckles with carved faces as a launching pad for masses of carved hair. The bold plastic Moderne pieces make striking accents on today's clothing.

Borrowing from the past, but brought up to tomorrow, is the line of shoes designed for GENTLEMEN'S FOOTGEAR 8481 Sunset Blvd. Parisian-born Patrick selected from his new stock the numbers he predicts will become the most popular this winter.

Boots—some high platforms will continue, although 1/4 to 1/2 inch platforms with 2 inch heels are coming in strong. Pictured are





black and rust kid with a 2 1/2 inch platform and a 5-1/2 inch heel from San Remo, brown and tan kid with a 3 inch wedge platform from San Remo, and black and brown kangaroo boot, from Tanino Crisci, which comes in the half-boot pictured, or higher full-boot.

Dress shoes—Narrower toes, wingtips, the "Old English Gentleman" look. Shown: Burgundy and beige wingtip kid tie from Tanino Crisci, black and white Borsalino style kid slip-on from San Remo, and cognac kid slip-on with tassels from Harbor.

Sport Shoes—Brown leather tie with thick crepe soles from San Diego Ltd. of Argentina, brown and white all-leather saddles, inside and out, are specifically padded to be worn with no socks by Bare Footgear in Japan, and blue buckskin tie with rubber soles from San Remo. All of the shoes, unless otherwise noted, are from Italy.

Black has taken a back seat to brown, blue, burgundy, green, ox-blood, London tan and mouse grey.

For spring, Patrick forecasts 1 inch crepe soles, 2 inch wedgies, sandals and rope shoes, as well as fabrics. Canvas Hawaiian-prints are already on order.

Celebrating the fourth year is their plush showroom, GENTLEMEN'S FOOTGEAR numbers Mick Jagger, Elton John, Sonny Bono (of Sonny and Cher), Ray Charles and Tom Jones among their loyal customers.

Sandwiched between the tripods is newcomer to L.A., Mike Baker. From Evansville, Indiana, via Lancaster, California, this twenty-one year old Moonchild has already done extensive commercial modeling. Mike and his lover of two years are always on the go. If not swimming, dancing or camping out at Big Rock Creek, they give canasta, pinochle or checker par-



ties at home.

Mike studied dramatics in school and went out for sports, varsity baseball and tennis, at which he won several CIF championships. While working in a motel, he won the Lancaster King of Courtesy Contest. Since his arrival in L.A., he became the first runner-up for the Mr. Silver Screen Title at the Double-O-Nine benefit.

If you mix Apache Indian with Italian, you'll come up with exotic Shah-Kee. It took a warm combination like this to hold its own with the polar bears' iceberg. A Virgo, Shah-Kee has an extensive professional background in ethnic dance. It was easy for him to step into the modeling and acting fields. He played leads in "C.O." and in the upcoming Pat Rocco film, "Two Way Drift." Modeling took him to Hawaii, where he did numerous television commercials. He has appeared in fashion shows and ads for department stores in Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles. He can currently be seen in the Ah Men catalog.

Shawn Quinn is a natural actor and model. He projects as if he were plugged into an atomic power source. A professional modern jazz dancer in New Orleans, he has won every contest he's entered.

His physique comes from weight-lifting and a wide range of sports—swimming, diving, precision roller skating, bike riding and soccer.

A bit of a practical joker, Shawn, a Pisces, has his quiet side, too. He designs and decorates interiors, and has a green thumb. He has over fifty plants thriving in his apartment, which most people would have difficulty growing outdoors. They make a unique setting for his collection of antique clowns.

Shawn's hairstyle was created by James Gangarin of The Maie Animal in West Hollywood.



Live Alone

"For narrow is the gate
And hard the way,
And few there be that find it."

The first thing one wonders about any single Gay (after considering attractiveness and availability) is whether his or her living alone is a blessing, a curse, or simply a temporary expedient. To paraphrase a wiser teacher: some are unmarriageable from birth; some because they've been hurt or thwarted; and some remain single for some greater glory. . . .

Far be it from me to encourage partner-seeking Gays to remain single; but the idea is so sacrosanct in our culture that *everyone*, whether he thinks so or not, is seeking a permanent mate, that even Gays are quick to conclude that the unmated Gay is a failure in life. But in fact, the single Gay often has different objectives from those of his kind who are perpetually rushing into charades of het matrimony.

The most obvious advantage of the single life, which even the married envy, is the freedom to enjoy oneself in one's own way. Puritans regard a life of joy as very irresponsible, and even semi-puritan homosexuals are distressed because the word Gay can be a synonym for "frivolous." It's time we reject the anthill morality, and our guilt about being free, time to assert proudly that there are other goals in life than the endless nestbuilding and warring of our so serious-minded peers.

I will assume that a free-wheeling and joyous Gay life is worthwhile in itself—though perhaps rare—and



me and Like It

life styles

by Jim Kepner
drawing by J D Klamik

will here discuss other types of single Gays. . . .

The single life differs in kind from married life. It has its own sets of plusses and minuses, and just as with marriage, not every example is a happy example. Just as some singles are merely learning to live with themselves before they can manage living with someone else, some marriages are good training for the person who must survive the loss of a lover, singing ever after with Anna (of Siam): "I had a love of my own."

The examples of lonely, unhappy homosexuals stretch from Blair Niles' old novel *Strange Brother* down to the even more lugubrious *Boys in the Band*. But our live-alone-and-like-it types have been considerably less publicized.

* * *

Harris Medwick, a nuclear physicist whom I last saw in 1965, was a bachelor by choice. He could have found a mate of either gender, had he chosen, and probably could have made it work. He had that *knack* for pleasing himself by pleasing others. But Harris was excited by the systematic pursuit of new ideas, and felt he needed to separate his intellectual and emotional lives.

Once when someone tried to blackmail him, his research supervisor called Harris in to suggest a marriage of convenience. Harris said he'd considered it, but thought it terribly unfair to any prospective mate, and untrue to his own nature. "I couldn't stand to live with some pretty China doll who didn't

understand what I was talking about. As for my fellow researchers, I need to fight tooth and nail with them on points of theory. To carry those necessary disagreements home to bed would be disastrous. I need my freedom for the work I'm doing."

He squeaked through the McCarthy ordeal and probably still has top security clearance, despite his open Gayness and his unorthodox politics. In Oakland in 1952 I heard him give what was then a very far-out talk on "The Morals of Tomorrow." He said that society was entering a stage where scientific child-care, even more than birth control, would make the family obsolete while sterilization would open the way for general bisexual freedom. With most people moving about frequently, he predicted a preponderance of same-gender pair-bondings, tending to change off with each change of job or residence.

"But the generation that is *raised* under this freedom will, I think, go beyond the habit of pairing, and experimental groups will soon form in which sex and affection are exchanged freely all around. We are too inhibited to relate that way. Then some such groups will find ways to *break through* so that every member of the group relates simultaneously to every other member, and a new consciousness will explode that transcends the levels of previous human experience."

This last seemed so at odds with Harris' scientific training that I didn't follow it. It was a suggestion he

Continued on Page 64





community leader

by Tom Taylor
photography by Rik Lawrence

ROMEO RENYA and his Primitive Abstracts

The heat . . . blistering . . . boiling mid-day sun . . . drain upon the earth . . . heat films rising from barren sand and soil . . . men tucked beneath wide sombreros scant shelter from the blaze . . . lizards slip quickly . . . up walls, around corners . . . hidden in the shelter of the eaves.

Dusty white stucco . . . walls bleached in the light . . . an oblong room . . . a woman, aged but ageless . . . doorway of sunlight . . . spilling across her . . . perspiration drips . . . droplets mixed in purple dye. . . .

Woman bending . . . stirring . . . pot gurgling deep with violet liquid . . . perched on a stool . . . dark skinned, black haired youth . . . sitting and staring in rapt attention. . . .

Lavendar material . . . ballooning from the liquid . . . wooden paddle forces it under . . . young boy watches unblinking . . . bubble of fabric appearing on the surface . . . darker now . . . a deeper purple. . . .

Shadows of cacti and yuccas . . . long across the sand . . . streaks of red and pink . . . soft upon the mountains . . . globe of orange . . . vanishing behind the rim of Earth. . . .

Low wooden table . . . strips of drying cloth . . . brilliant shades . . . purple, crimson, orange, blue . . . coloring the memory of Romeo Renya.

A gasp of admiration was followed by a pause of reverent silence. "My God, it's beautiful! I've really never seen anything like it," the silver haired lady exclaimed, pressing her palm to her bosom. "How do you do it, Romeo?"

A stocky moustached Mexican, darkly handsome, grinned wide and answered with a question, "How do you walk? I don't know. I just do it."

"It" was a large circular wall hanging. A tapestry of yarns and wool in knots of various proportions and dangling threads of rust browns, burnt oranges and sienna, it flooded an otherwise nondescript room with rugged freshness and vitality. It was folk art at its most accomplished and its creator a craftsman of unique capabilities. . . .

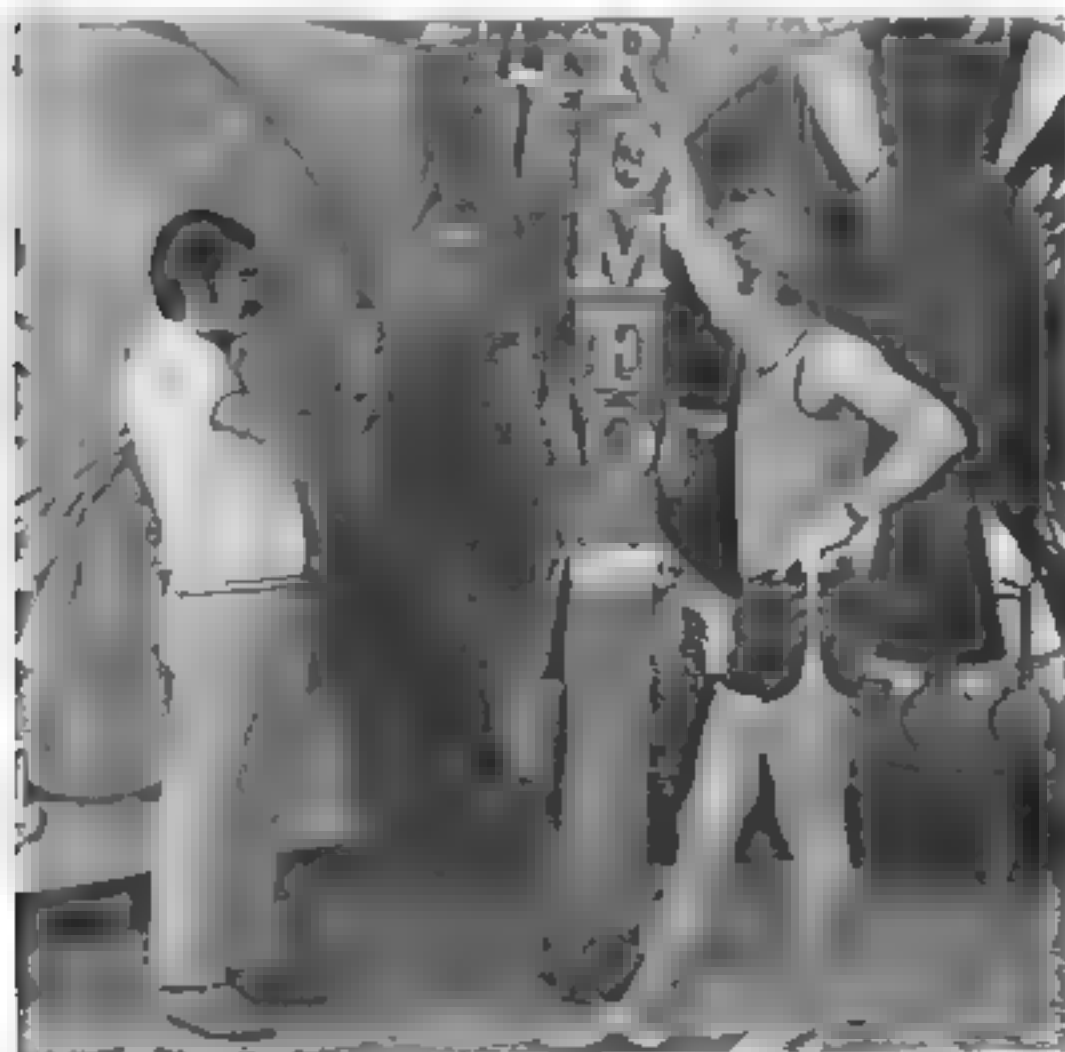
Romeo Renya's interest in textiles and weaving began when he was still a child living with his grandparents. "I was always involved with them in one way or another," he recounts. "My grandmother used to dye all the fabrics and yarn by hand. That's where I learned to love all those bright Mexican colors. I really like them," he says with a laugh that seems to suggest "Isn't that silly?" No, not the way he employs them.

After a childhood in Guadalajara, Romeo came to the United States to attend school. He majored in interior design at the Otis Art Institute, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Los Angeles Art Center. In the course of his studies, he realized that his true interests lay in the field of art and painting.

Like many other artists and craftsmen, he was drawn to the west coast's outstanding art colony at Laguna Beach. That move proved the beginning of a new career. Sometime after his arrival there he saw an outstanding wall hanging on display at the Laguna Art Festival.

"I wanted to buy it, but I couldn't afford it," he recalls in heavy accent. "So I just started making my own."

Fifteen years later he is producing them at the rate



of four or five at a time. And he still doesn't own one!

With his success have come endless requests for exhibits and displays. His tapestries hang in the finest homes and museums from Beverly Hills to Brussels.

It was in an exhibit in Munich that one of Mr Renya's wall hangings caught the eye of a handsome German, Wolfgang Falkenberger. The use of color and texture that is so basic and vital in all of his work captured the boy's imagination, and he vowed to one day meet the creator of this exciting piece.

Several years later Wolfgang stepped off the airplane onto an American airfield. As quickly as he could manage with the resources he had and the additional money he earned along the way, he made his trek cross country to California.

Once in Los Angeles he headed for Laguna and the home of the artist whose work he had so admired in the museum. Locating Romeo's home at the beach was relatively easy. He is one of the more prominent members of that oceanside community. Virtually everyone around has made a visit to his home and the adjoining shop where his designs are developed.

At the top of a long gradual hill, Wolfgang found the artist's home. Gleaming white stucco in the afternoon sun, it speaks of old Mexico as few American-Spanish homes can.

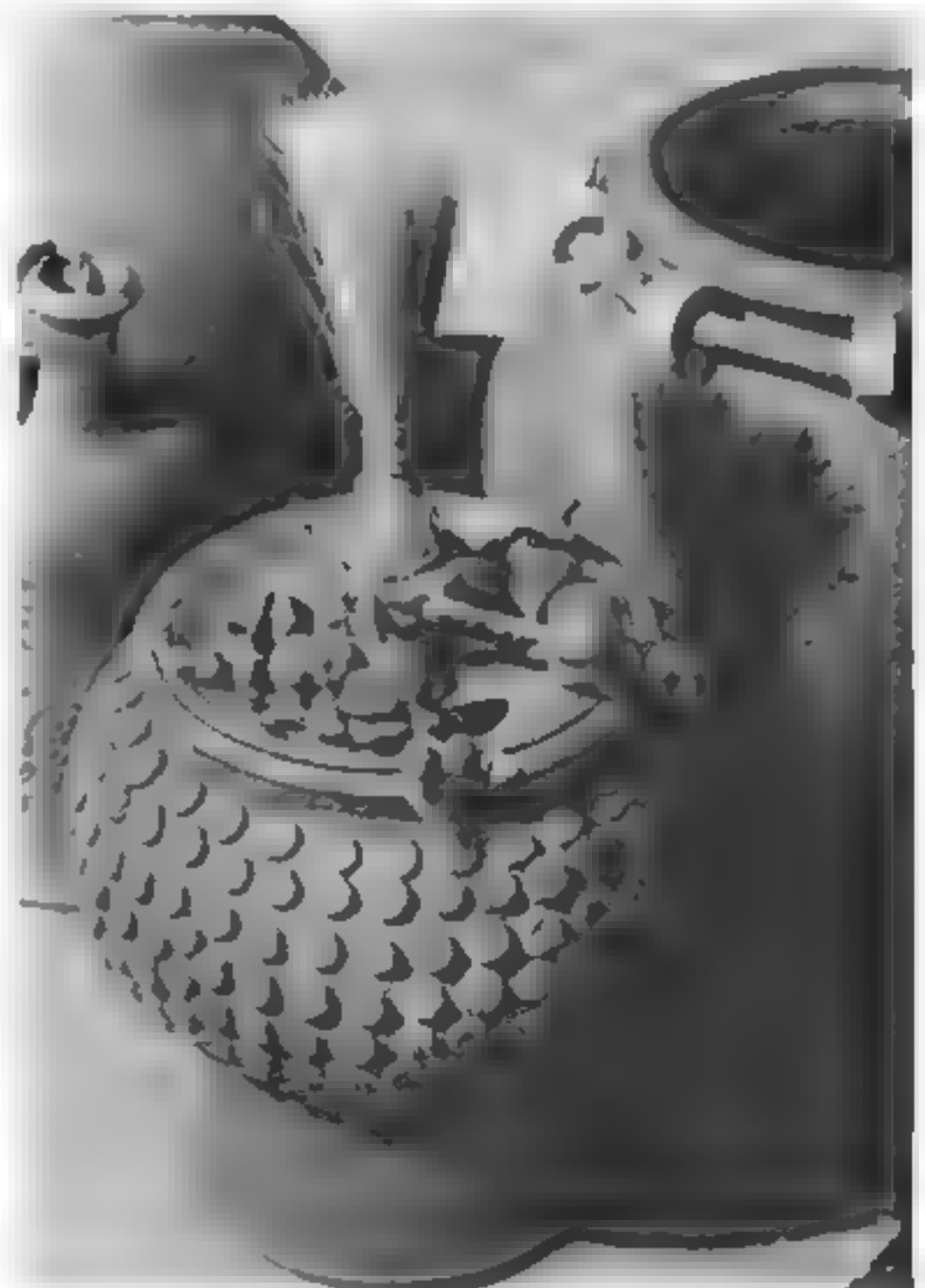
A wide green lawn rolls gently down to the road. Square white columns support the roof of a deep portico that shades the entire front of the house. Flowers bloom in abundance about the yard interspaced with cacti and other succulents. Near the center of the lawn, a large old tree reaches outward. Surrounding it is a low white stucco wall, and growing about its base is a collage of beautiful flowers.

"I had to smile," Wolfgang remembers. "How else could this very Mexican artist live?"

He rang the bell that hung by the wrought iron-gated entry. The hall beyond was an open breezeway providing a glimpse into the grounds behind the house. The walls of the entry were decorated in Spanish folk art, one of Romeo's pet projects.

He is an authority on the folk art of many cultures and has travelled extensively in the pursuit of his hobby. He has acquired many lovely pieces as well as an abundance of knowledge. His collection of ethnic art is one of the largest in existence.

It must have been fortune that Romeo was at home relaxing, as he so seldom does, and was on hand to meet this unexpected guest. Wolfgang was welcomed with the congeniality that greets every visitor to Romeo's world. His home is always open to friends and would-be friends. And this friendship seemed





destined. Wolfgang became a welcome house guest thoroughly delighting in the knowledge and talent of his host.

"This house is really special in every sense of the word," Wolfgang confides sincerely. "Everywhere you turn it's a new experience."

There is throughout the house a feeling of openness, enhanced further by the use of wood paneling and polished terra cotta tiles. Everywhere Romeo's love for his homeland is reflected in bright colors and touches of distinct Mexican flavor.

Beside the house is the shop where work is always in progress on the new designs. So great has been the demand for Romeo's art that he has little time left for the actual handwork on his projects.

Most of his time is spent designing while he employs several apprentices to complete the rendering. Virtually everything is done by hand on the premises. The fibers used—alpaca, yak, and angora wools—are purchased raw after they have been stretched and rolled by hand, thus creating their knotted uneven texturing. They are dyed in the

artist's shop where he mixes his own dyes and colors.

Then they are interwoven on a wooden framework frequently in combinations with leather, beads, feathers and wood chips. His tapestries take many unique shapes and forms, but his favorite, and ever-present somewhere in a design, is the circle, symbol of the sun, the moon and the earth. His works are often very free form relishing in open space and loosely woven threads, long dangling clumps of wool and hair, and knots of feathers.

Few of the hangings are less than twenty-four square feet and one recently completed for the Hagadone Newspaper Building in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, is three stories tall. While most of the designs take roughly a month to complete, this one—his largest—was constructed in just eight days. To do that, however, required four people working around the clock. The results of their labor will appear in *INTERIOR DESIGN* Magazine in the coming months.

As with many artists Romeo's talents have encompassed other areas. In a kiln beside his shop, he has fired a collection of imaginative and enchanting



stoneware pieces. His stoneware products have become an entire business in themselves.

Here again he has brought new life to an old art. Each piece is an original work of careful planning. Each is unique and exciting, reflecting strongly the artist's personal flavor.

Near the end of the house beside the studio, stoneware pots and birdfeeders hang from a lathwork frame. A stoneware bell rings with a dull gentle sound in the afternoon breeze. Two dalmatians lie in the shade of the portico and several land turtles seek shelter beneath a low shrub.

Behind the house, in a large octagonal aviary, a chorus of birds—finches, canaries, doves—sings their separate songs. In a corner of the patio, water bubbles pleasantly in a brightly tiled fountain. A peaceful happy setting befitting someone whose work has done so much to increase the beauty in life for others.





If He Were...

CHUCK BALLARD

by Dan Morgan
photography by Dave Sands

If he were an animal, he might be a lion with a strength that is in-born not contrived. Lean and muscular an Adonis sculpted in flesh that is naturally tanned with the blood of his Indian heritage. Muscles that are strong with a strength that seeks to protect rather than destroy. His handshake is firm and sure yet his eyes reveal the frightened animal uncertainty.

Like a sometimes fierce but somehow cuddly King of the Jungle, he moves cautiously, carefully, in accord with his rambling Texas drawl. Each sentence is carefully studied before it is uttered.

Like a playful cub there is about him a aura of innocence and naivete that is totally refreshing in a world that seemingly has forgotten how to blush.

Much of this can be credited to a relatively placid life on the Texas ranch owned by his grandparents and from a life style that flows easily, naturally.

It was from his grandparents that he nurtured a love of horses. Present days leave little time for the enjoyment of riding so Chuck was delighted during the photo session to once again have that opportunity.

He is a do'er not a thinker. At least, one could easily get that impression. Yet he is prone to a shyness and quietness which suggest that something (which may or may not be shared with anyone else) is going on beneath that beautiful head of auburn hair.

Like that jungle animal he appears unsure, wary, perhaps even frightened and awed by the world that is suddenly engulfing him. But he maintains a basic calmness, an Indian stoneface.

If Chuck Ballard were a plant, he'd likely be a stalk of wheat, the ungleaned grain in its protective chaff. A source of strength and sustenance as yet unpolished and refined. The bread-winner and the bread.

Like that grain growing free in a sunny country field, Chuck speaks of the farm life that has been his life—the clean freshness of living—as few people know it. He is, and probably will remain, largely untouched (and nowhere near jaded) by the often rugged die-hard world of show business. The country boy who's come to the city.

It is the chaff, the roughness—but never hardness—





covering him that lends so much to the beauty of the man. It is a part of him that the "refinements" of the slick city life will, hopefully, never wear away.

As a bird, Chuck Ballard would find himself a hawk gliding on the wind much as he used to do as a paratrooper with the Army's famed 82nd Airborne. If he could be anything but a human being, this would probably be his choice for there is a definite thrill in his voice as he recalls his days of sky diving for the Army (the only part of Army life he really liked).

"It's a beautiful sensation. Nothing between you and the earth but air. I had complete control -the

only one, the power of life and death. It's a feeling of freedom like you've never had before

Sky diving, like horseback riding, is something he hopes to pursue again someday—when there's time

The strong silent oak would typify Chuck as a tree. The toughest and most enduring of woods combining its rugged sturdiness with beauty. A tree whose arms shade in the heat of summer and whose leaves catch the rain to protect anyone caught beneath it during a sudden shower

No doubt he'd be a smash hit like "Brown Sugar" or maybe an acid rock number if he were a song. He is of that culture who get their high somewhere between the "Stones" and the grass. His favorite artist is rock star Edgar Winter

"I like that kind of music, you know. I mean, I can really get off on it."

Like the spirit of his music and his liberality with the use of drugs is his free regard for the pleasures of sex in his life. He, obviously, has no qualms about doing nude work.

"I think if you're fortunate enough to have a pretty good body and other people enjoy looking at it, that's fine. I don't mind. I mean, it doesn't bother me."





His sex life is equally free of hang-ups. When it has "felt right," he's done it. That lion cub is not as innocent as he might appear!

Baby blue would be Chuck as a color. For he is soft but with an intense masculinity. He is calm and cool like the color, slow to anger, but then. . . .

One thing that has been a source of irritation to him has been the treatment of the Indian in this country. The three-quarters Choctaw in him flares up at the thought of it.

"I think that Wounded Knee was a good thing. It woke up a lot of people and made them aware of the Indian's situation," he comments, gesturing with open hands. "The Indian is really the forgotten American."

As a baby blue person, he is reserved not loud or flashy, yet there is inside a controlled excitement and enthusiasm for life. The social scene isn't really his "bag" although he enjoys a good party with some hard rock music where he can lose himself in the noise and the crowd.

There is a tinge of nervousness in his manner, of not being totally comfortable in a one-to-one conversational relationship with a stranger. Yet he admittedly enjoys it.

"I love to talk to people, to help them with their problems, if I can," he says with an earnestness that is genuine and touching.

As a jewel Chuck would be a fire opal, that stone whose real beauty may be missed all together if viewed improperly or from the wrong angle. He comes on quietly, not evasive so much as unsure. There is so much to life, to himself that he has not yet figured out—or possibly even examined. Like the



stone he is a burst of color, confused and confusing.

Right now is his time to be "doing," and he is going at it with full force. At present he is just trying to "keep it together" as he continues to carve a place for himself in the tough insensitive world of show business.

"I plan everything a week at a time." And that is about the most that anyone with his schedule can hope to do.

As a car Chuck would make it as an El Camino, rugged but slick looking, handsome and solid. No mincing around—directly to the point. And he's tough: Taurus, the bull.

"After I got out of the Army, I started in full-time as a student at TCU (Texas Christian University). I was a fullback on the college team. That was the main reason I wanted to go to school."

But the season wore on, his enthusiasm wore off, and Chuck decided that "his thing" lay elsewhere. Several months in Los Angeles after the Army had opened a new and different world for him, and he returned to California where he shares an apartment in Tarzana with a friend.

If there were one word for Chuck Ballard, it would be . . . well, there isn't one. He is ambiguous: fresh and refreshing, experienced yet innocent, knowledgeable but naive, bold but still retiring, complex with an overall air of utter simplicity, a man waiting to break loose from the boy. And as a descendant of a nationality of "forgotten" Americans, a person who won't easily be forgotten.



IN TOUCH with films

Junior Jackson (Jeff Bridges) cops a trophy at a stock car race in *THE LAST AMERICAN HERO* (20th Century-Fox—right). Guido Brogi and Alida Valli as the father and his mistress do a Bertolucci dance in *THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM* (New Yorker Films—below, far left). Marlon Brando and Marie Schneider in another Bertolucci dance—this time *THE LAST TANGO IN PARIS* (United

Artists—below, left center). Jimmy Cliff celebrates the excitement of life in *THE HARDER THEY COME* (New World—below, right center). Reese Ford (Warren Oates) and Bick Warner (Dennis Hopper) at work in the ceramics factory, the only industry in the town where *KID BLUE* is located (20th Century-Fox—below, far right).



The Last American Hero is a film based on an article in the early annals of the New Journalism. As a report to a dying intellectual establishment on the living pop culture, Tom Wolfe's article was exciting. As a film made for masses and intellectuals alike, it is not dull; it is transparent. The viewing experience barely registers on the memory, except maybe for Jeff Bridges's beautiful tufts of hair. Faint traces and impressions of the film haunted the spirit of the films I saw after it. Yet, all that the film was saying is that there is something terribly wrong.

The films I have seen lately have all been about heroes. Before I can say anything about these films and their heroes, I have to find out what it is about *The Last American Hero* that nags.

The awareness of the personal sense of tragedy which Jeff Bridges finds in the empty victory of Junior Jackson is etched upon his face with an understanding of grief that is uncomfortably real. Is it then the knowledge that victory can only bring tragedy? Has

filmmaking become a ritual of grief by which we come to accept the uncomfortable realities? And why can't there be anymore heroes anymore anyway?

Jeff Bridges's graceful manner and the film's casual style makes *The Last American Hero* all too easy to sit through. It has so much realism that it is nothing but subtleties, subtleties that never sneak up on you to emphasize any particular thing, subtleties that just string along and roll before your eyes as human condition. That's the style. The whole movie seems to last no longer than a news reel. As soon as you walk out of the theater you feel like going to see a movie. The film's content is thoughtfully contrived in a manner typical of the "New American Realism" a defeatist and hopeless story.

"A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corp of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals. It is in this setting of dangerous oversimplification that the war in Vietnam achieves its greatest distortion." —Spiro T. Agnew

Bertolucci's latest release in this country, *Spider Strategem*, is not as beautiful as his *Last Tango In Paris* but it is more fascinating. It is a collection of elements of intrigue that unravel the director's mind perhaps far better than any of his other films. Free from the hero image of Marlon Brando, free from flirtations with communism, and free from his own youth, Bertolucci shows us the hero within himself much more clearly. And yet is it really he?

A young man returns to the village of his father to discover that the father has become a myth. The myth seems almost religion. Everyone in the village knows more about the father than the young man does. The one thing he learns soon enough is his striking resemblance to his father. Since the father lives on in the minds of the villagers, the son is like an apparition to them. It takes him a while to understand why he is treated so personally by these strangers and it is confusing to him at first why he is not only treated with reverence but also with contempt by some villagers. Things begin to happen to him as if he

had entered a ghost story. The longer he stays in the village the more his idle curiosity entangles him into the mystery of this myth.

He knew before he came that his father was a hero for standing up to the fascists during the war. But such a hero in a frightened little village can also serve to remind people of their weaknesses. Those few who were strong were either his best friends or his sure enemies. They are brought back to life by the appearance of the apparition-son. The strongest person in the town is the hero-father's mistress. She lavishes the son with gloriously warm memories of her dead lover. The more she holds his attention the more she seems to be plotting to keep the son from leaving. The son might perhaps re-enact the martyr-sacrifice that had proven her lover was strong and courageous.

The web that is woven is extremely intricate and we are never sure how much of the myth is in the mind of the son, who becomes more and more like his nonchalant father. Involved with his curiosity, he is perhaps too blind to recognize his own fate and then perhaps it is not his fate. At the moment he is at the station waiting for a train that it seems has not stopped there for years, he is finally struck by the terror of the *Spider Strategem* and the film ends.

As a parable the film seems to get lost in its own style. The realist camera carries the story too naturally for the dramatic nature of the myth revealed.

Just as sure as the film destroys the myth that it explores, it also loses hold of its style. The lines between objective and subjective realities become muddled and all that is visible is Bertolucci's mind. On a barren stage,

like an old abandoned socialist theater, a young man struggles with a paranoia of existential attitudes that come more from the director's mind than the play he is in but the struggle brings the ghost of the past to life for him. Strange film; I guess I should see it again.

In case you haven't seen *Last Tango in Paris* don't worry, it is not the same dissection of conflicting memories, slipping loyalties, or uncertain haunting reflections that *Spider Strategem* deals in. It is an old man's wet

dream, rich in experience. In *Last Tango* there is no haunting past, except for a dead wife which is a fact and excuses nothing in the present. There is no future, except for an inevitable marriage of the heroine to the film-maker, which interferes with nothing between the hero and heroine. Whatever there is left in the present is certainly real and full of the insanity to which most of us do not care to admit.

Last Tango pulls at your heart strings but not musically by way of harmonics; it tears at you through the guts and ignores the protestations of your narrowing, spinning mind. If you can identify with either of its two characters, then you must have the courage to accept the reality of living in a world without hope. If you cannot, then you better have some hope somewhere. *Last Tango* is the kind of film that can destroy people.

It is easy to go to a good movie and find visions of a bleak world created by artists without hope in any future for anybody with any soul. It must be time to have some heroes who can save us from such a desperate situation. We need some heroes that are neither losers nor escapist fantasies. We need heroes that aren't made heroes because they copped out for the highest price. One hero film that has given me relief from the bleak world and yet has not ignored but rather challenged its realities is a little Jamaican reggae rock film starring singer Jimmy Cliff. *The Harder They Come* is a film you will not want to miss when it returns to your local black neighborhood or shows up in your local art theater.

Ivan, the film's hero, comes to West Kingston from the country after a death in his family. He fumbles his way into the city and soon falls in love. The love story is sweet and short but beautiful and firm. Perhaps one shot alone tells the story that is to follow: As Ivan takes his future wife on a ride on his bicycle along the beach, the scene is beautiful and just what you imagine Jamaica is supposed to be, with jewels of sunlight bouncing off the sea. As the two lovers glide by between swaying palms, the camera widens slowly to reveal another side of the street with mountains of garbage and shanties made from junk.

The radio had sparked Ivan's illusions about West Kingston the way the movies, in their heyday, sparked the illusions of would-be starlets about Hollywood. Ivan is totally naive and quickly falls prey to the predatory record industry. But he is too highly spirited for defeat and he has a sufficient supply of horse sense to realize that someone, somewhere is making unfair profit off of him. In his straightforward, simplistic pursuit of his rightful share of the world, he alienates the powers that be in the world of disc jockeys and record producers; outrages the leader of a powerful religious sect, and fatally disturbs the balance of power in the marijuana trade. When he is gunned for by all factions, instead of becoming intimidated, his extrovert nature flourishes. His capers include forcing a photographer at gun point to take pictures of him in bandit getup which he sends to the press. The press can't resist the temptation and publishes the pictures. The demand for his one record skyrockets, and he becomes the hero of the island. The police appeal to the big wheel in the industry to suppress Ivan's record, but Ivan has become too popular. The big shot quips to the chief of police that when they catch Ivan, before they execute him, he should be allowed to cut just one more record.

The picture makes no bones about the collusion between the police and international underworld wholesale exportation of marijuana (ganja) to the United States. Jamaica's booming record and radio industry is shown to be deeply involved. The music industry serves to recruit young ambitious performers from the slums and fields into the ranks of the marijuana industry's petty dealers, runners, and harvestors. In the scene between the powerful record producer and the young police official, who has cut off the ganja trade until this little hero is turned in, the producer tells the cop to wise up and remember that if ganja and the music industry are suppressed in Jamaica, they'll have a revolution on their hands. Not an unconvincing proposition, judging from the living conditions of West Kingston pictured in the film.

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In Touch with books



In the summer of 1953, at the height of the raging English witch-hunt against homosexuals that ushered in Elizabeth the Drab's monarchy, prominent novelist, Rupert Croft-Cooke, was arrested for "acts of gross indecency" with two naval cooks who'd been his housekeeper's guests the previous weekend. He spent nine months at Wormwood Scrubbs, an experience later recorded in one of the best of a long line of Gay prison books, *The Verdict of You All* (Secker & Warburg, 1955), which was a strong protest against injustice without being morbid or self-pitying. It also contained remarkably live portraits of some of the men he met in prison.

Recently he expanded one of those portraits into *Paper Albatross*, (Belmont paperbacks, 95c, 220 pp.) one of the loveliest, most entertaining suspense stories I've read in a long time. Max Toner, a handsome English villain who with remarkable luck, has played it clever, managed without a day of bird, now has the lolly in a suitcase, 120,000 nicker all in small notes, and can't spend any appreciable part of it without raising suspicions, what with the papers still headlining the biggest bank haul ever. First he moves into a run-down hotel inhabited by nosey swells, then flees to a seaside resort. Very macho, very funny.... Not a Gay story but one most Gays will enjoy...

Heavy flack greeted Croft-Cooke's other recent book, *The Unrecorded Life of Oscar Wilde* (McKay, \$6.95, 288 pp.) for it starts by flatly attacking most that has been written about Oscar, starting with the malicious or self-

serving inventions of Harris and Sherard. Croft-Cooke knew Douglas intimately for 19 years before the latter's 1945 death, and has done a loving biography, *Bosie* (Bobbs Merrill, 1963) to redress the tainted reputation which Wilde's lover carried for 50 years.

Many literary people still see the entire case for or against homosexuality resting on the career and accomplishments of Wilde, and Croft-Cooke in these two books as well as in *Feasting With Panthers* (Holt, Rinehart Winston, 1967), has given us a more believable, less lugubrious, less apologetic portrait of Wilde, more in keeping with the recently published letters, and stripped of the inflated notion that Wilde was a solitary peak of eccentricity in the flatland of a conformist and drab Victorian landscape. The latter book is a reassessment of several of Oscar's literary fellow-queers (I gag at the way British writers use that term, almost as we use the word Gay)—Swinburne, Gosse, Symonds, Fitzgerald, Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, Pater, Dowson, et al. It gives some indication of how close England came, but for the disaster of the Wilde trial, to developing the sort of open homophile movement that started at that time in Germany and survived the later but greater earthquake of the Eulenburg trials.

Croft-Cooke, a friend of Compton Mackenzie and H. Montgomery Hyde, is one of the best and most prolific writers in this field, yet his works are generally unknown to American readers. Listings of his writings are almost non-existent in bibliographies on

the subject published in this country. For an urbane and delightful view of Gay life, I suggest looking up those books issued in American editions, and searching even harder for other titles: *The Life For Me*, *The Tangerine House*, *Thief*, *The Happy Highways*, *Through Spain With Don Quixote*, etc.

* * *

Whole Grains, *A Book of Quotations* edited by Art Spiegelman and Bob Schneider, (Quick Fox, \$3.95, 158 pp.) is a sort of hip companion volume to the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*—with a generous sprinkling of Gay items, and a few that some readers will consider anti-Gay ("And there's two things in Harlem I don't understand; It's a bull-dyking woman and a fagotty man," ascribed here to Claude McKay)—but younger or hip Gay readers will probably groove on the entire collection with its often campy iconoclasm.

Breakdown into four general divisions (with some repetition occurring, such as Eisenhower's immortal pronouncement, "Things are more like they are now than they ever were before")—Sex, Dope & Cheap Thrills; Earth Shit; Alienation Blues; & White Light, gives some idea of the scope and orientation.

A few random samples: W.C. Fields: "Women are like elephants to me. I like to look at them. But I wouldn't want to own one." Dr. Hip: "It's better to have a positive Wasserman test than never to have loved at all." Andre Breton: "I wish I could change my sex as I change my shirt."

Or George Lincoln Rockwell:

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IN TOUCH with theatre



Richard Dickinson partners Barbara Lopes during Gene Marinaccio's *CANTIQUE DE LA VIE* (left—David Bruce Rawcliffe). Kurt Kasznar, Richard Chamberlain and Robert Burr (left to right) in a scene from *CYRANO DE BERGERAC* (center). Peter Palmer woos Carol Channing who plays the title role in *LORELEI* (above).

Gene Marinaccio brought his ballet company to Bovard Auditorium at USC for two brief performances on October thirteenth and fourteenth, started a conflagration and then departed much too soon. Although based here since 1967, the appearances of the troupe are altogether too rare.

In this instance my review must be focused on what followed the intermission as what preceded it was nothing to write home about. *Into Light We Shall Return* has some intriguing music from Samuel Barber's String Quartet in D major, Opus 11 going for it and precious little else. As a curtain raiser, I suppose it will serve, albeit it is a trifle lengthy to get the audience hushed up and the last stragglers into their seats. It is rigidly classical in design and is executed accordingly but it also serves to point up the stodginess of much traditional ballet and why it turns some people off. I made this observation backstage to the choreographer who protested the need to gain technique for his young people in the classical mold. If such be the case, why begin a program so tenuously when you ought to be grabbing your audience by its collective throat and riveting its attention?

The *Don Quixote Pas de Deux* followed and served to introduce the dazzling pyrotechnical talents of Gwyn Taylor who dances her partner, Gerald

Moreno, right off the stage, into the wings and virtually out of the theatre. Mr. Moreno is a bit heavy and clarity of execution is not in his lexicon as yet. He has the fixed smile down pat but little else. Turns and leaps are his strong suit. When he does manage to become airborne, he lands with a decisive thud but that smile never wavers. Waiting in the wings, expectant to every beat of the music, is Miss Taylor, blonde and be-rosed, panting to leap once more into the spotlight and tear the stage to ribbons. Alas, Mr. Moreno is no match for her and the curtain falls on *Pas de One*.

Intermission was filled with casual chit-chat and cigarette smoke as would-be dancers in the audience strike the fifth position on the Bovard steps and remark how "promising" the company is. As soon as the intermission is over and the house lights dim and an arty *Cheng Solo* by Donald Addison is out of the way. Mr. Marinaccio uncorks the reasons why most of the ballet-conscious money in this town has seen fit to invest in him.

The stage literally explodes with fury as *Cantique de la Vie* boils across the footlights. Segmented into seven parts, it flashes by with the speed of a whirling dervish. The stage is eclipsed in writhing bodies passionately locked together in a dirge of agony, paying obeisance to the

Dawn of Life. Here Mr. Marinaccio is at his absolute peak, a virtual cyclone of talent that rocks the rafters and spins down the aisles. He is endlessly inventive, fiercely pursuing his theme with a relentless impact that will knock you out of your seat. And his dancers follow his every mood like a swarm of locusts, clinging together, clawing the air, heaving and rolling their young bodies all over the floor, gasping for breath and then pitching themselves high into the air where they execute unbelievable ministrations against the laws of gravity. In short, here the 20-odd company is a sensation. Moscow, Paris and London would be rocked by their advent and I cannot see any reason for any delay in getting them there.

In the midst of all this a new star emerges: Richard Dickinson, who apparently was born to dance and can do no wrong on any stage. Mr. Dickinson is so brilliant that one wonders why he was not chosen to partner Miss Taylor in the *Pas de Deux*. One thing is certain. If these two do not get together Mr. Marinaccio is very likely to be sued for criminal negligence.

But enough. *Cantique de la Vie* is as much ballet excitement as has ever hit this town. And, with it, Gene Marinaccio is entitled to wear the mantle of genius.

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"He's not twelve
 And his mama still calls him
 baby
 And everywhere
 Ever where thinks he's
 Crazy
 He walks downtown
 With make-up case in hand
 Lookin' for a mysterious dark haired
 man
 A rock star of great degree
 Stood by his side
 And promised him
 He'd take him for a ride"

(with apologies to
 Harvey and Collins)

THE MALE GROUPIE

Part Dracula, Part Tinkerbell

a diversion by Hugh Harrison
 with photos by the author

Yazza, yazza, right this way. Step right up for one of the wildest new rides on the gay-life midway yet Yazza, yazza

And it begins: rollercoastered, rocketed, kaleidoscoped with pinpoint twinkle lights and glitter, dipped in phosphorescent multi-colored day-glo paint and glitter, and rocked with frantic surging high-decibled pulsing sounds and . . . glitter, Propelled by dropping or smoking or shooting, and kept aloft high, ripped, strung-out, stoned, tripping. But all neatly sprinkled with glitter . . . disguised with silvery glitter . . . mirrored with sequins that return fragments of imagined reality. Then finally tilt-o-whirls down . . . a sharp descent, and crashes.

Our rideguide on the tour is a perverse Tinkerbell from some fairyland gone crazy. Our destination arrives at us. The world of the underground, ruled over by some new Pluto—the latest-whoever-fab-fad-singing-superstar-rock-idol. This Pluto can be, and is, every Rock-Star. So, it's with a quick nod of acknowledgement to him, we focus on our guide—Tinkerbell—the male groupie.

How he came to this, this boy I met this new breed—this groupie—must be actually encountered in order to truly relate. You just don't know what you're going to find, or even what you want to find

There is this funny little gnawing feeling in the back of your neck, that, what you see sure ain't what you're gonna get! And so it was

At our first meeting, I was sure I had the wrong person at the wrong party. Some Joe-Junior-College ambled to the door half-smiling a shy/funny smile. He leveled his boy-next-door gaze at me. "First, let's get one thing clear, I'm NOT a homosexual. Really, I'm not. I don't know what to say I am. I don't make it with guys. I'm not interested . . . I mean, unless it's someone like . . ." and a long list of current singing stars tripped blandly off the end of that tongue with such rapidity I was ear-numbed.

Not a homosexual! My God, I've known screaming over-the-hill old aunties who haven't balled that many guys! I decided this weird trip was strictly a number; or that this kid was so strung out, or worse, that he didn't know what he was saying.

"Look . . ." I only got the chance to start.

He quickly interrupted: "Hey, man, I know what you're thinking, but really, beyond the guys in the groups, I only relate to girls . . . honesty. LOOK, I know exactly where my head is at, and that is something NOBODY can know but me!"

I looked. I took a close hard look. Maybe he IS only kidding himself . . . but, then, I'm just not sure.

It all seems so dumb, but I had this funny feeling that he a one DID know. At least he really believes all this crap he believes. A closet case? No, not really. That kind of tired phrase—along with all those mental images it produces—simply doesn't fit. It can't be applied to him—too old-fashioned, outdated and simply not true.

I suddenly became eerily aware of all those quickly rattled off names materializing around me. Staring out in petulant half-poses with hard fixed gazes from posters that seemed to cover every available inch of wall space.

"What are those little plastic bags attached to the posters?"

"Pubic hair." This reply was direct, disarming and simple. "See, I only put up pictures of the guys I've made it with." I took a quick check of the number of pictures. Stunned wouldn't quite describe my reaction—but close.

Then began his metamorphosis. After straddling a small bench in front of a brilliantly lighted mirror, he reached into his case and brought out a couple of pots of bright glossy make-up, and traced small intricate lines of shimmering color around his nose and cheeks. It was fascinating. Not only did his physical appearance change, reshaping itself, but his personality began twisting subtly down those strange new shimmering paths of color, reshaping itself, too, to this newly painted person.

This metamorphosis—this change—to see it, touch it with your mind, feel it with your eyes, and know it, is something you alone can do. The transition defies real description. I can only limitedly relate its power . . . its cause/effect/outcome. I can begin, perhaps, by comparing it to a freaky version of Lon Chaney's Wolfman—except, our boy sprouts jewels on his face at the rising of a Rock Star, and Bella Lugosi himself into some sort of creature with all the substance of a diamond encrusted cobweb.

Silence, but for the eerie high-pitched glow that was kindled in his eyes, accompanied the application of the bright paint. He worked skillfully, rapidly. I

cleared my throat, looking for a place to begin: "Uh, look, man, I hate labels, too. We seem much too willing to be ready to stick everyone into some neat little little cubby-hole somewhere, and let them remain there. BUT—well—if you're gonna make it with guys, don't you think . . . NO . . . Stop . . . I'll withdraw all that. Let me put it to you like this. Any? Why do you make it with guys?—I mean fingers. For love, or what?"

He ceased all movement. Hands, like stunned humming-birds, suspended. "I . . . I don't know WHY. I never really thought about it. No, I don't think it's love. I sure know it's not horny. I guess it's

that, well, these guys are really right there, ya know? I mean, they've got it all. Name it . . . Love, Money, Power, Adulation—EVERYTHING! And when I do it with them, I become part of it . . . part of them kind-of." He stared into the mirror blankly for only a split second, and hands resumed their own life, multi-coloring activity.

"Well, not intending to fuck with that trippy little head of yours—come tell me what I think that's exactly what love is—involving yourself with something or someone so as to become involved."

A quick off the shoulder shrug, without the same as before pause. "Maybe so, I never thought of it—think of it—like that."

And still another small pot of make-up material







zes, shimmering flakes of bright glittery light caught up in some translucent gloss. A finger, deftly dipped, applies it to his eye lids and down the vacant side of his nose.

"What do you do?"

"What do you mean, what do I do?"

"Are you trade?"

"What's trade?"

"I mean, what do you do to—with—all these guys—sexually?"

"Absolutely anything they want to do. Mostly I let them screw me. Sometimes I go down on them. A lot of times they want me to screw them, but not too many of them will blow me. My chick and I do it together with one of them sometimes. A three-way can be a really freaky trip . . . sometimes! And, added after a long slow decadent pause, quietly, "There are times I sort-of have to, you know, use her, in order to get the guys interested at first." Hard lines of self-knowledge have begun to set themselves around the staring-bright eyes.

"Do you ever end up just watching, while some star is bailing your chick? With her doing the whole trip?"

"Only once." Adding, with a little snicker, "He got me watching, too. He asked me to jerk-off so he could see me . . . so, I did. That's him." He pointed to one of the posters, a current famous folk rock star, since married. "He was . . .," his voice trailed off a bit

then snapped back to present reality. "Wow, it's late. We got to go. We're gonna miss the concert."

A flurry of activity . . . putting on high-heeled clog shoes, a glittery see-through shirt, tight nearly translucent dancers leotards with sequined appliques soon produced a high-bounding peacock, ready to face a new-night world on its own half-terms.

The concert was, at best, loud. All the supporting acts, each with its own small flurry hit record, off stride. The shimmering crowd, dripping with jewelry, caught the restless mood. The heavy supergroup started low, and only got lower. Disinterest might best describe their non-performance.

An almost grasping need had overtaken our hot burning sparkler upon entering the auditorium, and continued to grow, glow up until the time the object

Continued on Page 57



films

The film's indictment of the entertainment industry includes even the movies. There's a scene showing Ivan's response to a Western (perhaps his first film) in which the hero guns down a dozen or more attackers. Ivan's own lack of concern for the people whom he kills during his own adventures seems to stem very directly from the impression made on him by the Western. Even when he, himself, is ambushed and hopelessly outnumbered, the fantasy of the shootout in the Western blurs itself with what is really going on, and momentarily, his Hollywood bravado gives pause to his attackers—but, of course, only for a moment. He is killed.

The fresh truthfulness of this Jamaican film, the warm decadence of the disturbingly comfortable Bertolucci films, the new sophistication of American films like *The Last American Hero* all hold in common the loser-hero. But it is only the American hero that is not his own man. I pulled out my old copy

of *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby* by Tom Wolfe and read the original article to see if I could find out why.

The Junior Jackson that Wolfe wrote about beat the system and won on his own terms, he was in real life a hero and a legend. The article was written before Vietnam and the movie was made after Vietnam (and the "spirit of national masochism" that prevails). In the movie, Junior wins his first race by cheating, and when he goes on to professional racing he can't win with his own car. In the article Junior married his high school sweetheart. In the movie, he gets involved with a track follower, a story of sex without love, sex without future. In the article Junior went through a bitter struggle to get to the top. The film moves everything along by a series of compromises. This is the "New American Realism." The realism is fine, but to me it all smells of defeatism. Hopefully, it is a shortlived flash nothing more than nihilist theater, plugged into current global reality, hard-edged and cutting, but definitely unable to create self-nourishing myths.

Kid Blue rises like a morning star over the bleak scene painted by the defeatist-realists. It is more real than the commercially flashy racing flick that *The Last American Hero* tries to be and yet it manages to be filled with hope and laughter.

Kid Blue starts out with a lot of the same humor that added realism to *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, but where Butch and Sundance carried their romance down to South America only to meet the same fate they were avoiding, *Kid Blue* (Dennis Hopper) decides to go straight. *Kid Blue* is filled with pain and the audience is thrown from one wince to the other fast enough so that the pain remains sharp, entirely without the usual melodramatic ache. It's not that the characters don't suffer; it's just not a melodrama, which would have been the easiest way to dismiss the script.

From the first sequence of *Kid Blue* we know that yes, of course, the West was not a glamorous place peopled by sharpshooters, but rather a real life wilderness being crowded by hungry, scrawny bandits and silly pompous

sheriffs, none of whom can shoot straight. Kid Blue comes down into Dime Box, a small Western Town, "just to find any kind of work of some kind." He gets a job at the barber shop, where he sweeps up their hair and polishes their boots. Groveling is the proper way to carry out such a job as seen through the narrow minds of the town's good citizens. Kid Blue grovels for the good citizens and he doesn't do it begrudgingly. He does it with a deliberate manner that is certainly not that of a fool. This frightens the good citizens. It is the sensitive handling of the terror in these men that keeps the film from degenerating into a trite telling of man's inhumanity to man. This is a tragedy and most of the characters are sad clowns.

The town sheriff (Ben Johnson) has been keeping something-and-order for these good citizens for a long while. He has weeded out "scum" before and Kid Blue just has too much spirit to please him. Kid Blue will not let loose of his spirit but he has the wits to kowtow in proper manner to the sheriff, even with the added flair of pimping for him. Fixing the sheriff up with a young lady may keep him busy and a little less mean.

The streets of Dime Box all point to the new and only factory, The All American Ceramic Novelty Company. The leading citizens prance the streets with pride in the future prosperity of their town. The wild west is dying. Outlaws are shinning shoes and the sheriff works for the factory boss. Ever so gently this background drapes behind the story of Kid Blue, rustling with the slightest breeze of opinion. This subtle organic nature of the film is what makes it a success while the same dawning of the twentieth century fails in hard abstractions in films such as *El Topo*.

The dinner table of the boarding house where Kid Blue stays is a greater cross section of the town. Where the streets, peopled by the good proud citizens, underline the tragedy of industrialized man, the dinner table gives us beautiful glimmers of hope and gentle breezes of conflict that promise storm and excitement. There are old folks who either don't give much credence to or speak up against the

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bullying new progressive ways that pour out of the factory minds of the new middle class, middle aged men. At the table there is a man with a beautiful young wife. The man catches Kid Blue's eye with a human look of kindness and approval everytime Kid Blue is forced to speak up to defend himself. The man is Warren Oates and in him Kid Blue finds a bubbling best friend.

In the stables of Dime Box live three Indians. They live there because it is their land and because it is alot warmer than either jail or the streets. These Indians become more than friends to Kid Blue; they give meaning and outlet to the rage that he must keep pent up while in the company of either the pompous gentlemen on the streets of Dime Box or the tender souls at the boarding house. They are his freedom. Throughout the film it is difficult to tell when Dennis Hopper is playing Kid Blue and when he is being himself. In the horse stables he seems to be more often out of character. This adds to the human understanding of the film. The Indians have a sacred air that encourages gentle knowing smiles.

Outside of town there lives a preacher, Preacher Bob (Peter Boyle) is no ordinary preacher but just a man who has run away from the industrialized insanity of the east only to find that it has followed him. Preacher Bob is no ordinary man either for he not only knows he is running a game he knows he must get ahead of the game if he is to keep his soul. Preacher Bob has plans. He is an inventor and he is building an "aerio-cycle-machine" that will fly him all the way to Dallas. Meanwhile Preacher Bob is trying to play it straight for the towns folk. Kid Blue can identify with a man that's going straight but Preacher Bob doesn't need any identification with his late comer on the scene. He can only offer Kid Blue advice on double talk, which is his preacher's talent.

All these elements found in the streets, stables, factory, and church of Dime Box come together in a brisk tragic-comedy that is filled with graceful humanity and plenty of blundering wild west action. It also has a happy ending that puts Roy Rogers to shame and mockery.

It may just be that *The Last American Hero* is the writing on the granite slab, a true but cold epitaph. If so, then it makes a nice solid background for a flower like *Kid Blue*. *Kid Blue* is no less real than the defeatist films and yet with all its dreams it is so much more alive. The nervous laughter comes when some of the dreams turn out to be nightmares of the coming technological horror and accompanying dehumanization. In *Kid Blue* there is the same realist "acceptance of corruption." Along with the other realist films *Kid Blue* challenges the pro-

longed age of innocence in film. But *Kid Blue* also has a defiant spirit that refuses to wallow in the sentimentalization of defeat. It is a spirit that is based not on any refurbished ideas of strength but a spirit that gains strength from human compassion. Dennis Hopper is the personification of this spirit and he makes it very clear that his compassion is not that of a sentimental fool but of a man bent on survival, who honestly would not like to survive alone. He is a beautiful man. Warren Oates was embarassingly sincere. It is a beautiful film.

—DAVID MINTON

AS MENTIONED IN TIME, PLAYBOY, AFTER DARK, ETC.

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books

"At the risk of being accused of fruity tendencies, I must insist that, as a work of straight art, the well-muscled male figure is far superior to that of the blubbery-looking female." Anais Nin: "The only abnormality is the inability to love." Thomas Berger: "If you can't eat it or fuck it, piss on it." Lyndon Johnson: "I never trust a man unless I've got his pecker in my pocket."

And Philip Whalen: "You are a wish to squirt pleasantly." J. Edgar Hoover: "I regret to say that we of the FBI are powerless to act in cases of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some way obstructed interstate commerce." R.D. Laing: "Society highly values its normal man . . . Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow normal men in the last fifty years."

Pearls of wisdom for fun and prophets . . .

* * *

An American Family (Warner Paperback, \$1.50, 238 pp.) is a cheap reproduction of the remarkable documentary about the Loud family of Santa Barbara, with an unrevealing selection of grainy photos which, for one, never catch the spirit of the Gay son, Lance. Text condenses the 12 hour show's dialogue. A review (better than many the show received) from the New York Times by novelist Anne Roiphe is appended in lieu of an introduction. Ms. Roiphe sees the family drama through middle-class Super-Mama

eyes, and casts poor Lance as the devil of the piece. A letter from Pat Loud makes a fitting epilogue. Those who regard the show as a masterly exposition will have to wait awhile longer for an adequate book presentation—and I would suggest that a useful part of such a book would be some of the drivel that came from pompous critics.

The Gates of Wrath by Allen Ginsberg (Grey Fox, Bolinas, \$2.50, 56 pp.) is first book publication for many of the poet's early verses, a sheaf of which were delivered by him in 1949 to his fellow Patterson, New Jerseyite, Dr. William Carlos Williams. They are a far cry from Howl, but the poet who probably more than any other man influenced the Beat and Hip generations toward open attitudes toward Gays, was already out of the closet and we have here his "Pull My Daisy," with the lines, "Rob my locker/ lick my rocks/ leap my cock in school . . ." Direct love poems are already addressed to Neal Cassidy.

The style hasn't yet broken free of the old rhyme and meter, but it's breaking and the attitude is already looking toward the new generation.

And from "The Shrouded Stranger, "Who'll come lay down in the dark with me/ Belly to belly and knee to knee . . . ?"

* * *

Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have almost considered us their property since papa Freud 70 years ago punished his Jewish

Mama by blaming mothers of her type for creating homosexual sons. And since the herd of baying Berglers, Biebers, Socarides and Ellises have been so pompously vociferous in their insistence that homosexuality is a disease they can cure, we've tended to overlook important new trends in the field of psychiatry.

But despite their common bias against homosexuality, carried over from Judaeo-Christian attitudes, most psychiatrists are generally liberal, often radical, and the ferment of recent times has affected the profession deeply.

How deeply is aptly demonstrated by the differences appearing in two books by Dr. Seymour L. Halleck, a student of the renowned Dr. Karl Menninger, one published in 1967 and the other 4 years later and now available in a handsome paperback. **Psychiatry and the Dilemmas of Crime**, (Harper and Row, \$10.95) is a well-reasoned analysis of the problems of what crime is, how it should be dealt with, and whether present methods of dealing with it help or hinder the problem. On the homosexual question, Halleck was liberal but trivial and quite outdated, though on other matters, this was a very forward looking criminologist, striking to the roots of most issues.

In the second book, **The Politics of Therapy** (Perennial Library, \$1.95, 334 pp.) Halleck appears to have absorbed large doses of the radical attack on psychiatric practice made by Szasz and Laing, as well as much of the ideas of Goffman and other sociologists of deviation. The central problem is no longer whether the individual homosexual suffers from a thwarting of normal sex drives, but rather whether the psychiatric profession oppresses homosexuals and other deviates in order to maintain the status quo. Though neither book devotes many pages to homosexuality specifically, both are important in their development of the new approach to therapy as applied to deviates . . .

—LYN PEDERSEN



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Have you ever considered the countless hours you've spent around the kitchen-dining room table? As a therapy it probably rates above the much publicized analyst's couch. Surely more of the world's problems have been solved—or at least, immeasurably diminished—in the kitchen than at any conference table. It's amazing what a hot cup of coffee over the table in the breakfast nook can do toward setting you back in tune with the world.

Why then is this valuable corner of the home so often shortchanged when it comes to furnishings? Many people use the pretext that they can cover up most any excuse for a table with a cloth. True, of course. But how much more exciting if that piece of furniture can stand on its own personality.

Try these ideas on for size:

****The butcher's meat chopping block** is a very interesting item, if you can find one at a price that won't put you on the block. They are great for kitchen utility areas or "coffee break" tables, just the right size to be tucked away in a corner of the kitchen—but no one will overlook them.

Then, if possible, locate a couple of funky old stools, perhaps of the piano or organ variety, or a bench or two.

****Another possibility is the barrel**, topped with most anything or, even, nothing (some things still look good that way). That all night "guest" you stumbled home with will be fascinated when you serve him morning coffee and toast or a Bloody Mary on your flagstone topped barrel.

Go to a garden supply center and select a very special piece of rose colored sandstone to serve as the table top. Seal the stone with clear flat varithane to keep a finish that's attractive and very practical.

Matching nail kegs make superb seats, and cover them (ouch, PLEASE!) with leather or "wet-look" vinyl over foam for a kind of mushroom look.

****If you have more room and you're somewhat size-oriented**, try this number: a five foot wide wooden telephone or utility wire spool. Paint, stain, or leave it natural.

The hole in the center is the perfect spot for a pot of greenery, a fruit and

nut bowl, or, for the more ingenious, a centerpiece light.

The perfect complement for this table idea is matching smaller spools with loose cushions for padding or a custom cover job with "ye trusty" stapler. An exotic fabric will make them very special.

Some junk yards still sell these old spools if you've not yet established a rapport with the telephone company lineman (BOYS IN THE SAND where are you?). If you have, he can tell you where to get them free. (And much more, if you've seen the film!)

****This idea is particularly well-suited to a long narrow room.** Take that old wooden door and add a set of screw-on legs. Keep it low for dining on the floor, oriental style.

A bright lacquer finish gives you an exciting new table. For more elegance use gold leaf instead of paint. There are kits available at most Builders' Emporiums and Standard Brands stores. They are quite effective, easy to use, and reasonably priced.

Complete the look with cushions, naturally.

****If you're graced with open beam ceilings**, here is a very special idea that has proved an absolute winner. Hang that table! It's really not so difficult.

One such table was made from 2x8's and 2x10's that had formerly served as concrete forms at a construction site. Three boards were cut to eight feet in length. Lying side by side they were framed all around with 2x4's. The corners were mitered to make the whole a more cohesive substantial unit.

With an extension drill bit, three holes were drilled through the sides of each of the three planks and the 2 x 4's so that steel rods could be run through the boards to secure them. The rods were recessed, and each one-inch deep recession at the outside edge was filled with a wooden dowel.

After approximately three hours of sanding, including the final hand sanding and some distressing of the surface, several hours more were required to apply the numerous coats of clear varithane varnish.

While the varnish was drying, holes

were drilled into the ceiling beams at approximately a foot beyond each corner of the table top. Eye hooks were inserted and four steel chains of equal length were suspended to the desired table height. A closed eye hook was placed near each corner of the new table about four inches from the end.

With a strong friend to assist (it weighed over one hundred pounds), the finished product was lifted and attached in place. Indeed, a hanging masterpiece.

Such an arrangement leaves absolute leg room, and the weight will steady the table for cutting even that unfortunately tough steak. Your dinner guests, after the initial shock, are sure to love it.

And don't worry about it falling—if you've done a good job, that is. The one in question was known to hold several rambunctious, but imaginative, orgiasts!

Eating is essential, and worrying seems to be unavoidable. Why not create a pleasant place in which to do both? You won't mind the calories nearly so much, and some of your worries may not seem so terrible after all.

—FRED JEROLE

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theatre

The big surprise of the Robert Fryer production of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the Ahmanson is Richard Chamberlain. Although it would appear he is eminently unqualified to play Cyrano (he is a young, handsome leading man), he proves himself entirely up to the task. He fences well, he has dash, aplomb and bravura. He has a fine speaking voice (honed on the recent London stage) which he projects effortlessly. His grasp of the comic potential of the bulbous-nosed Frenchman is keen and knowing although I didn't buy his death scene for a minute. There are further joys in this Brian Hooker version of the play. Jane Connell's Duenna never muffs a laugh and never fails to brighten the stage whenever she is upon it. Joan Van Ark's Roxanne is a charming portrait; delicate and porcelain when necessary; strong and vibrant when she asserts herself. H.R. Poindexter's sets show careful attention to historical detail and they fly and shift together with a nice precision. The costumes by Lewis Brown are richly ornate (particularly on the women) and give the play a lively sense of color and period.

Why then, with all these things going for it, did I dislike this show so much? I think I must center my displeasure on Joseph Hardy whose direction is appalling. He goes after tableaux (many scenes look like parts of an operetta and I fully expected Dennis King to step forth and tender an aria from *The Vagabond King*). The pacing and rhythm of the play is pedestrian and old-fashioned. Although the play was written in 1897, it need not be reconstructed in those terms and there is a fustian air to this *Cyrano* that almost put me to sleep on several occasions. Indeed Hardy sinks into depths of boredom seldom attained in contemporary theatre. He steps nimbly out of the way of his star in piloting this piece. Undoubtedly this gives Mr. Chamberlain a chance to shine and shine he does. But it also gives rise to a peculiar dilemma. Nobody relates to Richard or to anybody else. They are all too busy paying him homage. Victor Garber's Christian

is atrocious. He is supposed to be handsome but inarticulate. Mr. Garber is a far cry from the former and, in the balcony scene, he turns into a positive robot.

Another strange thing about this production is the close adherence to the Brian Hooker text as if it were Holy Writ. The show runs on for three hours with nary a cut in sight. Even the *Cyrano* Mad Scene (which is always elided) is played out to every comma and semi-colon. On the battlefield the starving soldiers are treated to obviously wax turkeys and other waxen viands with no attempt at disguising them. Roxanne arrives there superbly coiffed without a spot or wrinkle in her red velvet gown after riding for hours behind enemy lines. These are the sort of things the old Metropolitan Opera used to permit in New York because everybody came to hear Traubel and Melchior sing anyway. Is everybody coming to the Ahmanson just to see what Richard Chamberlain looks like in a long putty nose? He looks peculiar, but Jimmy Durante has managed to succeed despite that peculiarity. Do they want to know if it will severely hamper his love life? Well, a visit to a plastic surgeon today would put an immediate end to the problem. Or perhaps even that isn't necessary. After all, Barbra Streisand gets Robert Redford in her new film, *The Way We Were*. That should prove, once and for all, that a big nose never really hurt anybody.

Carol Channing's *Lorelei* in the Shubert must be rated a major disappointment since so much was expected from it. It begins brilliantly as Peter Palmer sings *Lorelei*, a marvelous new song. It is sung magnificently by the former Li'l Abner, who has gotten as fat as Miss Channing has gotten thin since her *Lend An Ear* days. After this, Mr. Palmer literally disappears from the show and it quickly collapses like a deflating balloon. It's not that Miss Channing is any less bright than she used to be. It's simply that the book provided for her by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent is simply awful. This is hard to understand as I laughed all the way through Miss Parent's very funny novel, *Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York*. Oh, there are traces of humor here and there and I jotted down a few samples in the dark

He: Would you take this?
She: Your Gold Medal?
He: It's for Broad Jumping.

Carol: (to Lord Beekman): Unless it has to do with healing, there's to be no laying on of hands.

Carol: I understand you number your Louis over there. I always seem to be hearing about Louis XVI who is in the antique furniture business.

I didn't hear much else the rest of the evening worth mentioning. Of the cast, Tamara Long, a veteran of *Dames at Sea*, is quite splendid. She looks good, she can tap enough to get by and she sings brilliantly. *American Dollars* is catchy but Miss Long never gets a chance to do anything else worthy of her. Carol sings *I'm Just a Girl From Little Rock* and *Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend* again and they're nice enough but she has long ago gotten all of the mileage out of them they're worth. They now begin to sound like warmed-over potatoes. *A Girl Like I* is positively terrible and should immediately be cut. *Men*, which closes the first act, is more like it and Carol's best song and dance number opens the second act: *Mamie Is Mimi*.

It's the sort of Carol Channing her fans paid to see and they respond accordingly. Brandon Maggart as Mr. Gage has an excellent voice but all of his songs are so lousy he makes no impression at all. You simply hope he will get through quickly so you can start forgetting. *Let's Live In Sin* is another dreadful number with which poor Tamara is saddled.

Adolph Green and Betty Comden, heretofore lyricists, have been strangely entrusted with the direction. That was a mistake. Ernie Flatt's choreography is flat.

At the finale, Peter Palmer suddenly reappears and sings *Lorelei* again and, by golly, it's absolutely marvelous to have him back singing *that* song in *that* voice. Where, oh where were the backers of this show when the songs were handed out? Julie Styne better get to the piano post-haste and write four new ones for Mr. Palmer if *Lorelei* has any plans to survive in New York. That town can be fierce.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

IN TOUCH dines out

Got a celebration coming up?—birthday, anniversary, Great Dane had pups? Anytime you'd like to give yourself a treat, here I got a restaurant for you!

It's not a plastic Restaurant Row palace with fancy fixtures, three waiters per table and mediocre food. THE ELOQUENT PEASANT is just the opposite, simple, pleasant surroundings, one friendly and efficient waiter (Sasha) and exquisite food.

An unprepossessing store-front on Melrose, 1½ blocks east of La Brea, turns out to be only the kitchen. The small, plant-strewn dining room is upstairs. For lunchtime and balmy evenings, the large outdoor patio is inviting.

After seating you, gracious co-owner Betty doesn't forget you. She checks on your well-being throughout the meal. The menu Betty hands you covers the in-dinner items and she recites the daily list of dinner entrees.

The evening I was there the selection was comprised of sautéed prawns, sole poached in wine with spinach and herbs, veal tartare, cold poached salmon and walnut chicken. The prices were \$7.50 and \$8.50 and included either soup or salad.

The chilled avocado soup was a masterpiece, light and creamy. The sautéed prawns were firm and squirted juice with every bite. Each prawn was under a canopy of a tomato slice. The poached salmon was succulent and held its own in combination with the smooth horseradish sauce.

But the highlight of the evening was the chicken. The breast is basted with a sauce made from fresh sweet and sour cherries and then rolled in walnuts. The recipe is of Chinese derivation, but co-owner/chef Judy adds some magic of her own.

Judy had formerly run a small lunch-only restaurant in West Hollywood, called BUBBA'S. Her fans will be happy to know she's back in business.

THE ELOQUENT PEASANT menu features omelettes, from plain (\$2.50) through combination (\$4.25). The variety covers: herb and sour cream, fresh fruit and sour cream, sausage and mushroom, spinach and sour cream, sautéed

chicken livers, shrimp with sautéed onion and cheese, and avocado and cheese, as well as the more usual types.

Sandwiches are super productions, from \$2.50 to \$3.00, as are the salads which range from \$3.25 to \$5.75 for the lobster plate. Specialties, from \$3.50 to \$5.75, include avocado, fresh fruit or curried lobster crepes, pate plate and salad, quiche, and a fresh fruit and cheese board. For dessert, the fruit cup consists of fresh strawberries and raspberries with chips of melon. (All in season, of course.)

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LILLIAN'S has been a home away from home for many members of the community, for the past eight years. Owners, Jack and Jim, set a pattern which proved extremely popular: home-style cooking, more than ample portions and a price as low as feasible.

Only full course dinners are served, but no one in his right mind would even think of passing up the homemade soup and the exceptional desserts.

On a typical day, the menu features Louisiana hot sausages, grilled round steak, pan fried filet of fresh red snapper, breaded veal cutlet, mixed grill (pork chop, chicken livers, grilled fresh mushrooms and sirloin steak), lobster tails, steak and lobster, filet mignon with mushroom cap, T-bone steak, eggplant parmesan, roast leg of lamb, roast pork, roast beef and braised sirloin tips with fresh mushrooms.

And those desserts—! The last outing I passed over the great chocolate fudge cake, coconut cream pie, chocolate chip mousse and banana cream pie, and opted for the Norwegian lemon cake. It was rich and moist with the deliciously tart flavor of fresh lemons.

My only disappointment with the meal was that the veal cutlet was not quite as fresh as stated on the menu. But fresh veal is a vanishing item on the

menus of most popular-priced restaurants, so I was satisfied to find a semblance of it. At least it wasn't one of those sawdust-burgers that are palmed off all over town as veal cutlets, pork tenderloin and chicken-fried steak.

The price of the meal, from \$2.85 to \$4.95, includes soup and/or salad, entree, dessert and coffee or tea (hot or iced). Other beverages are 25c extra. Beer and wine are offered.

Unless you're dining very early or very late, be sure to call for reservations. The dining room is small, the patio miniscule, and the list of regular customers prodigious.

Jack is closeted in the kitchen all night making sure you get your vitamins the way you want them, and Jim is the owner of the blinding smile that greets you at the door. He also oversees the groovy, young waiters; which is nice overseeing.

LILLIAN'S

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West Hollywood - 874-7011

Dinner 5:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

Closed Sundays and Mondays

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TIJUANA: A GIANT AKRON

If you're in a quandry about doing a little different Christmas shopping this year, may I suggest a little spree in Tijuana. Plan to get an early start, as it gets both warm and crowded very quickly. Let me tell you right off, you're gonna love it, as long as you're willing to toss all your fancied classy elegance to the wind and decide to go camp for Christmas. T.J. is FUN, really fun. It's like being handed a fist full of money and turned loose in some tremendous nutty Akron. So, get it together, brush up on your price-haggling and crowd-jostling, then give it a try.

Harold and Jamie decided to start their shopping trip by spending the night in San Diego, making it up just a few cracks after dawn. Then, fortified with a tremendous breakfast, they began their little trek. All in all this works pretty well, and I suggest you might do the same (Check our listings for all the "usual" places in San Diego). Overnight in San Diego can only add a touch more pleasure to an already fun trip.

A few quick side hints: Immigration is very thorough. Be cool, guys, lots and lots of readily available contraband is for sale in Mexico—but it just ain't worth a trip to the Tijuana jails. It's primarily for this reason I advise you to park your car on the U.S. side and walk over into Mexico. Believe me, at the first hint of anything amiss, your car'll be impounded and stripped to the chassis, sticking you with the problem of getting it back together and out of there. The cross-overs on foot make it through customs much more quickly and with much less hassle. (Anyway, the walk'll do you good—we must remember those waistlines.) It's only about a mile over the border into the heart of downtown Tijuana, so, arm yourself with your most comfortable pair of shoes—besides the jaunt over and back, most of the shops are accessible only by foot. Carry your wallet and your money in one of your top pockets—those little street urchins are both swift and deft. And, stay out of all the buses and taxies clustering the border—the taxies are mostly ripoffs (don't trust those owner/drivers) and the publicos (buses) are crowded and dirty, as well as prone to breakdown. The drivers of both also seem to have gotten their licenses from kamakazi pilots.

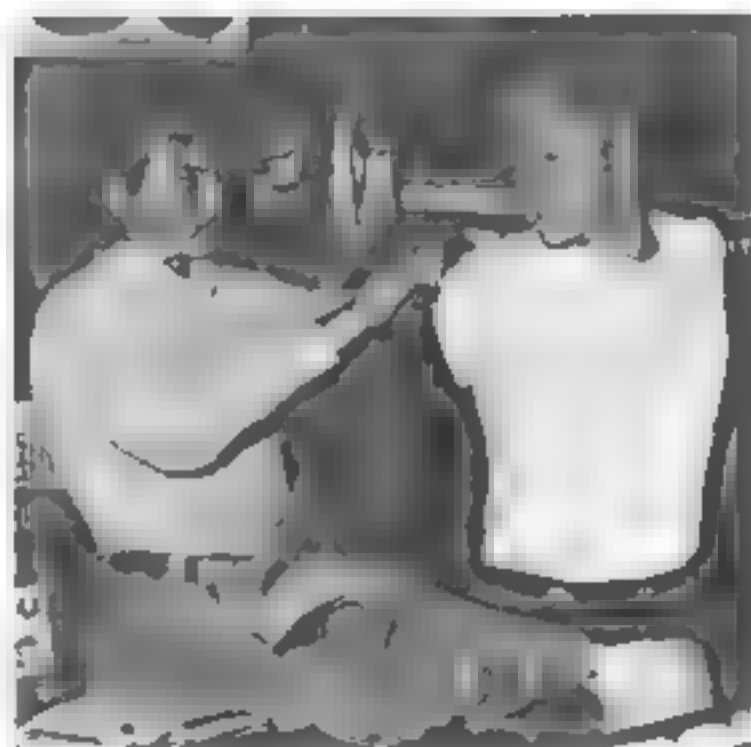
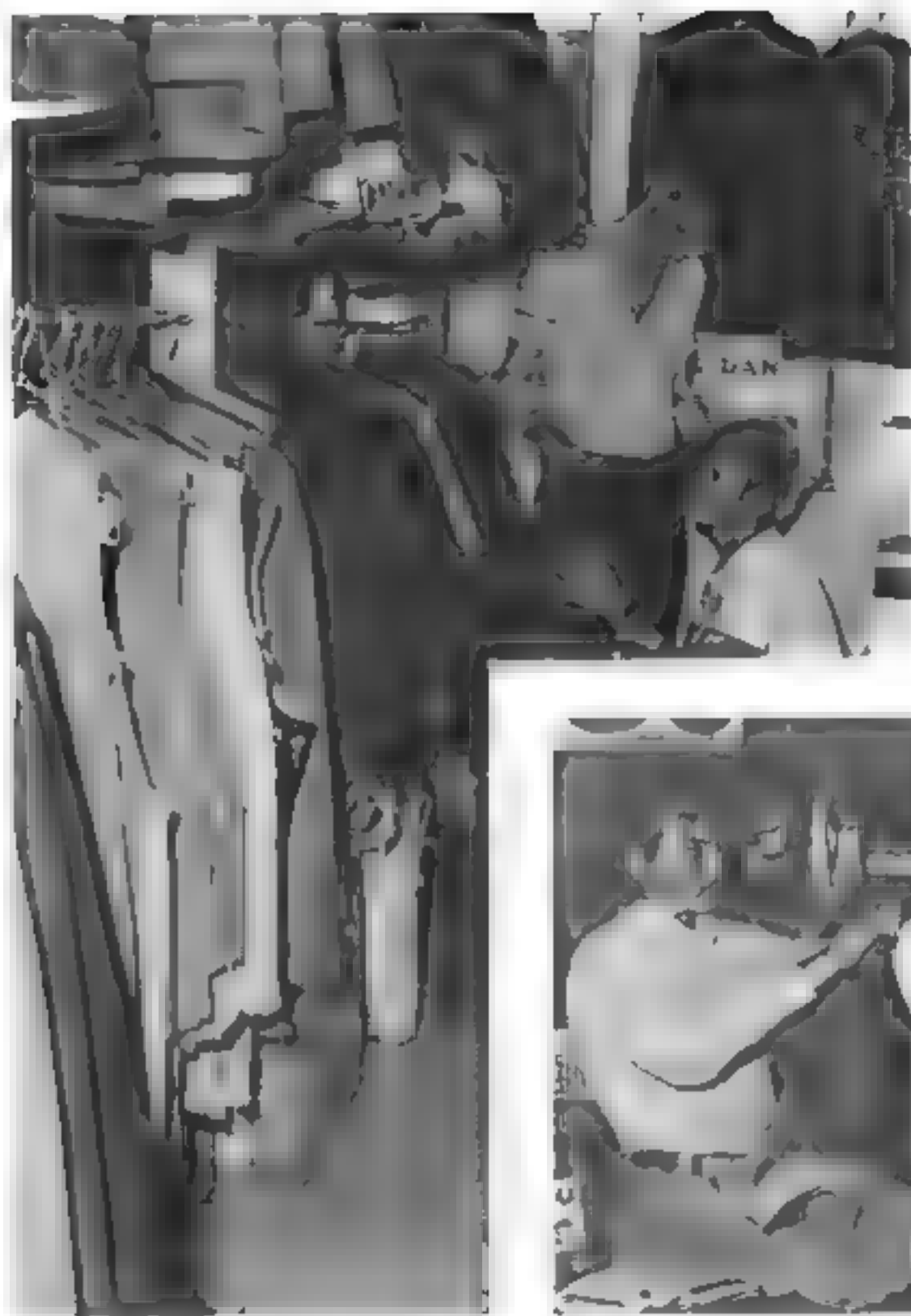
All this, taken in advisement, you should find your way, like Harold and Jamie, past these few very minor pitfalls, crossing over the bridge into T.J. Your

first greetings are from the street vendors bearing nicky-ticky tackys—like tall poles of those fun colored paper flowers and heaps of steaming food and luscious looking fruit. Street food, however, is strictly a no-no. Montezuma's revenge is a painful reality! Set along either side of the wide downtown streets—what were you expecting dusty dirt roads and cobble stones everywhere?—are a myriad of colorful clustery shops, crowded with both fun-junk and authentically good treasures. Now, slow down. Don't rush. Enjoy. Reset your head to their somewhat slower time/life style. Poke around. Ask questions. Price haggle. Look a bit. Don't be in that big American hurry to plunk down your money, get your goods, and get out. There, unlike here, waiting helps in price or quality or both. Move freely from shop to shop. You'll find loads of repeats.

If you're into leather, wrought iron, wood and glass . . . you're home free. You'll find tons of it at fantastic prices. I saw a pair of great wall-hanging iron candle holders for under five dollars (Pier 1, eat your heart out). Harold picked up a couple of fine leather jackets for himself and Jamie after only a bit of shopping/haggling and for just under twenty dollars apiece. One stop, in one of the glass shops down a narrow alley stairway, provided not only quality blown glass—lamps, heavy ornate chandeliers, dishes, glasses and the like—but also a floor show, a glass blower puffing and coaxing a white hot clear blob into a piece of transparent sparkling beauty. Remember, a chance to see what's happening is all part of the fun.

Buying the wood-work is just a touch trickier. It's better to stick with the huge chunky-type pieces, quickly hand carved, strictly ornamental and without pretention. These run all the way from wall and table items, many incorporating glass and iron, to occasional pieces and some really remarkable furniture. The cost? . . . you simply must price it yourself to believe. The leather shops are tremendous. They give off that musky fresh-leather odor, and offer a wide range of hand-tooled goods—hats, belts, wallets, rugs and bedspreads. Hey, try and catch one of the leather workers plying his trade if possible. The cutting, burn-designing, and hand coloring of the wallets and belts with its patent rapidity is really an artisan's liberal education. Since leather is its own reward—





touch, feel, smell, and try on. Oh, you'll be hovered over by a covey of sales people, but there's absolutely no objection to the touch-me feel-me sensual trip.

In many of the shops dealing in quality products, glass, leather and the like, they're not into the price haggling bit. They state this, along with their prices, simply and directly. So, don't make the error of forcing the issue. Once stated, accept the statement then buy it or pass it over. Often, too many of us as visitors to another country, look on our dollar as the God there. True many act as if it is, but not all do. Keep in mind, you are only a guest, behave and follow the rules accordingly.

If your head is caught up in trinkets and fun-junk, welcome to Wonderland. It's all there—garish and hilarious, wonderfully totally useless—and oh so much fun. The do-dads and what-nots of stone and paper and wood are enchanting. Tiring of them, you can always pass them on to some unsuspecting friend or relative who will be equally enchanted with them. I mean, now, who really NEEDS a snowflake paper-weight, even if it is hand blown (or so it says on the bottom). Who cares? I got it! I LOVED it! Cologne, perfume and scented soap are available at honestly

fantastic savings. If you want to really show-off and give Mom, or whomever, L'Heure Bleue (Blue Hour) or Arpege, the savings on these high excise tax items alone can more than pay for the trip. Don't pass up a chance to get a whiff of Maja, Mexico's own scent, a touch on the heavy side, but very Latin and very mysterious.

Safety abounds in buying in all these areas, but use extreme caution in buying things like art pieces, gold, silver and precious stones. That lovely little hand-carved wood item may turn out to be a machine mass production from Japan, and the Topaz may just be the bottom of a broken beer bottle. Don't misunderstand, there are some fabulous buys in such things, but you either must know your product or your seller. Since the latter is next to impossible, and if your knowledge is limited, take along a friend whom you know to be an expert. Then, and only then, maze yourself through the vast quantities and qualities of topaz, opals, and especially the fine turquoise. If you can be sure of what you're getting, you can locate some really fine finds.

Jamie and Harold decided to pass up all this "class" shopping and concentrate on funky fun,

finding a little money went a long, long way. After all the correct prolonged questions, haggling, and poking around, they made their decisions, collected the various packages, and quickly checked the money situation. Finding there was more than enough left for a good dinner, they located a fine little hotel dining-room, about half-a-block away from the Jalisco stadium. Settling in for a delicious meal, for about one-fifth its cost in the States, unwinding relaxation became the order of the hour. No one pushed. No one hurried. The food, accompanied by the everpresent Tijuana-invented Caesar Salad and a fine Mexican wine, was prepared and served to perfection.

Relaxing afterward over robust coffee, a discussion ensued concerning the pros and cons of spending the night south of the border. The cons won; uncomfortable accommodations, below par plumbing, etc. Touched on, naturally, was the night life of T.J.—available in abundance all day long. This, too, is easy to pass up. All those half-funny jokes about small boys propositioning you on the streets are only too true. There are cat-houses, hookers and sex-bars rampant, but mostly all hetero. Of course, if you're looking, it's there and it's very available. Mostly, I'd advise against it. The incidence of disease is astronomical and hepatitis seems to be replacing marachi as the national pastime. Forget it, guys. Get it on in San Diego, and while in T.J. stick to shopping.

All these weighty decisions made, back we go in search of our over-the-border parked car—tummys and arms filled with pleasures. We stop to divide up as each person is allowed to bring back one hundred dollars worth of duty-free purchases. This is something for you to keep in mind. Then, with only a quick look and swift poke into our various packages, we make our way across. The whole thing is a bit like returning to the real world after one of those mind-blowing, eye-dazzling cavernous side-show rides at the carnival. Yeah, that's Tijuana, sitting there in all its garish splendor, with that knowing secret smirk, sure that you'll return—that you've decided already. There's that one more little item you weren't sure of and passed up, that you're now oh-so-sure you want after all. That is if you could just remember which of the various shops you spotted it in. It's not really too important though, only an excuse to return—which you really don't need. Just come back. You'll find each new visit brings a new discovery.

If you'll notice, nowhere have I attempted to give directions, provide a map, name shops, or label points of interest. All this is up to you. A great deal of the charm of this charming city is that aspect of discovery. Find it for yourself this everconstant rediscovery each new visit brings. So, what else can I tell you, except: "DO IT! DO IT!"



the **INTOUCH** host

There are times when I feel that if I have to face one more piece of fried chicken, I'll turn into a dom-chaser. Whenever that frightening thought occurs, I pull out the following recipe and remember just how delicious chicken can be when properly prepared. It's ideal for small dinner gatherings but since it requires attention during preparation, be certain to provide your guests with diversions so you won't be missed as you slave over the meat.

I'm not certain of the origin of the recipe as I got it from my sister (the real one) but it sounds as if it could be Greek in origin. After trying it, I was more than willing to concede Greek supremacy in the handling of chicken. I hope that you will agree.

Chicken

2½ to 3½ lb. Young chicken, ready-to-

cook, cut up

Sauce

1/4 cup melted butter

1 small clove garlic, minced

1/2 tsp. Salt

1/2 tsp. Thyme

1/8 tsp. Black pepper

1/4 tsp. Poultry seasoning

1/4 tsp. Paprika

3 tblsps. Lemon Juice

RICE

1 cup uncooked white rice

2 cups water

1 tsp. salt

1/8 tsp. black pepper

1/2 cup stuffed green olives, sliced

Preheat broiler. Rinse chicken in cold water. Drain. Melt butter in saucepan and add remaining sauce ingredients. Place chicken (skin side down) in the broiler pan or other shallow baking pan

Be certain to use a pan from which it will be easy to baste. Spoon sauce over chicken. Broil. When brown on one side, turn to skin side up. Baste and continue basting every 5 to 10 minutes. Allow 40 to 50 minutes cooking time.

About 25 minutes before chicken is done put rice, water, salt and pepper into a 2 quart saucepan. Bring to a vigorous boil. Reduce heat to low. Cover with lid. Simmer for 14 minutes. Remove from heat and allow to set for 10 minutes with lid on pan. Fold in sliced olives.

To serve place rice in serving dish. Place chicken over rice. Pour lemon sauce over chicken-rice dish.

The rice recipe is for regular long-grain rice. If you use Uncle Ben's Converted Rice, follow recipe on box.

This entree serves 4 to 6 people and can be combined with almost any vegetable or salad for a delightful, refreshing chicken dinner.

—WARREN STEPHENS

COLT



GALLERY

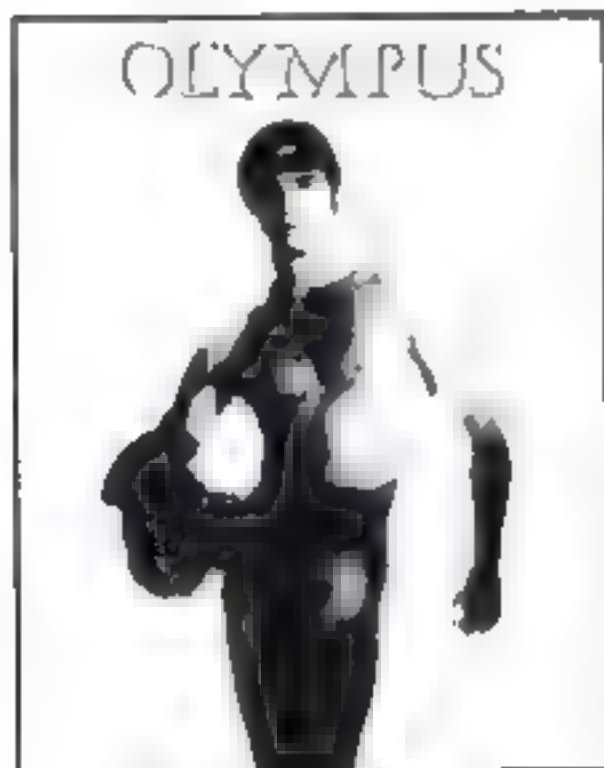
This issue of our privately printed magazine contains 26 pages of our exclusive model TIGER in all new poses. Available only through COLT. GALLERY #9 \$5.00

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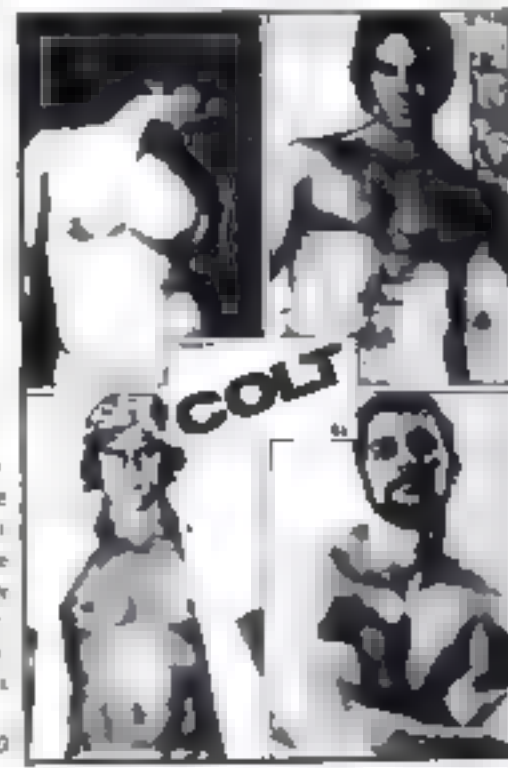
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MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue we've wrapped up the hottest scene including the cover! Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Definitely not for the children's hour. MANPOWER! #6 \$5.00



male groupie

of the night, musically, as well as hopelessly sexy, finally made that non-appearance. If the group's lack was a punner to the lad, it was well hidden. He sat through the mercifully short set semi-consciously transfixed, and spent the same through the brief polite applause with its scattered cries of "MORE MORE."

Realizing they weren't going to do an encore, he abruptly jumped up. "We really gotta hurry now, man. All the others will be at the Hyatt. It was a scramble to beat that crowd, but he knew his way around very well.

In the wake of this whirlwind of running, startling cars, weaving in and out of traffic, screech-parking and more running, we found ourselves ensconced in the hyper-active hotel lobby—a mass of music freaks, musicians, promo-men and well-wishers—merry go-rounds by whirling, adorned groupies, of all and indeterminate sex.

This glittery gaggle of groupies, each singing/yearning to be recognized, needed, talked to, touched, and ... more, we gyrated into. His particular friends, a couple of screamingly gay wisp-thin ... one very odd sad-faced young girl—seemingly displaced and totally strung-out, three other guys—reflected in and by their own ... deriving their kick from the trip—practically asexual perfectly nonexistent, one young boy with wide owl-eyed glasses, a painted rag-a-

muffin with a huge diamond through his pierced nose—painfully quiet needing only a dripping ice-cream-cone to complete his artful dodger look, and two guys who seemed, much the same as our groupie, unsure of their placement into it for the most important thing, ... glory.

All those twittery bits of recognition ensued, dishing the concert, dr ... over the musicians, professing love for this or that particular one—all mounting into a giddy school-girlish garish crescendo. One of the gay-fits twinkled over the main group of musicians, and returned screeching, bearing a scrawled name on a picture. He and his friend, flipped away, chirping their goodnights. The odd faced girl, collected by one of the lighting technicians, turned with a sad smile and departed. The three dress-uppers made the rounds, seeing to it their outrageous ghastly get-ups stunned and startled, even when they didn't and this accomplishment accomplished, swept out with one last Gladiolus flourish.

By this time the rest of the crowd had begun to thin and space out, dropping first the well-wishers, then quickly the promo-men and record people, along with all the unidentifieds. Around it all the groupies clustered in a desperate little cluster—losing first one and then another to various musicians, assorted other hit-up guys, or or just falling away from boredom or weariness. One of the other our groupie-similar leaned over, "Man, I'm splitting. You really think you're gonna score on one of these numbers? No answer. In a

blink he too dematerialized, leaving only the rag-a-muffin and our boy.

Tense, like a tight coiled spring, he neatly sat until that particular razor-sharp second. His moment, "NOW." He jumped up and glided over to the few remaining members of the now nearly deserted group. "Hey, man, you're too much, really too much!" His upper-glazed eyes took in every detail of the other guys, as his voice trailed off, lowering into an almost unspoken half suggestion.

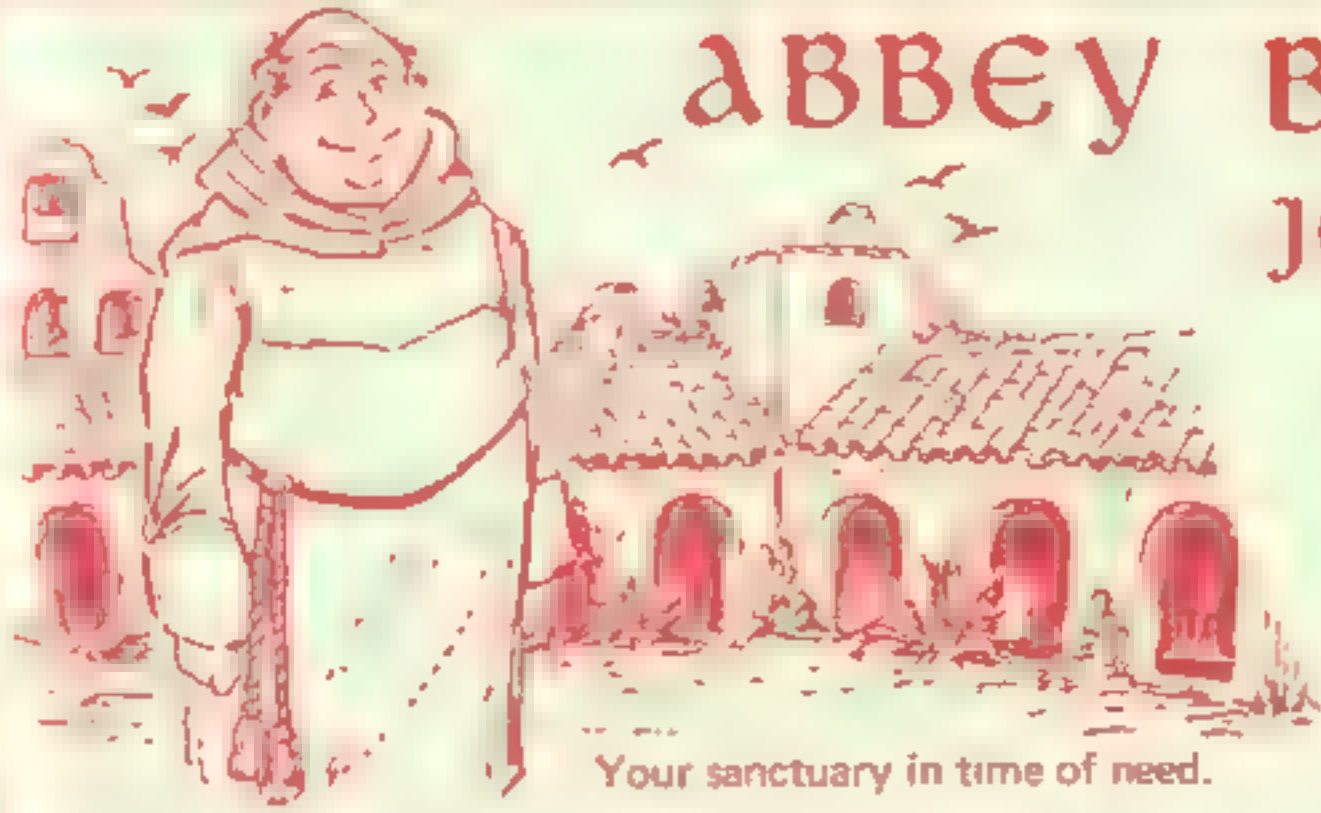
Following a few low inaudible comments, one of the group exhaled a "No, man, we're not into that particular trip!" A general light laughter followed, just a touch jeeringly. Our boy was quickly relegated to a poor-little-boy type position—a bit like a wayward prodigal little brother. The musicians then converged on their remaining selves and, still snickering, retreated to the elevators.

Our little boy started a heavy shuffle back across that long, long distance of the hotel lobby, back to where I sat. Some stone haze glazed his eyes, and I could/couldn't read something/nothing in them. My mind was racing with words to, what, reassure? There must have been other times when he hadn't made out. I never got the chance to use my profound reassurances.

"I scored." He sat down stiffly, staring straight front, like some unplugged robot. Waiting.

"But ..."

"Didn't you see, he was givin' me a feel? He patted me on the butt."



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So, we waited. Maybe he couldn't deal with rejection after all. But, then, maybe, just maybe, he did know more about that knowing feeling after all . . . could be I, could sense something or . . . So, we waited.

The elevator door klumped open, and there he stood—this musical, sexual objective. A sauntering brought him over to us, super casualing it with a "see you're still here . . . unh . . . what's happening?" Straight ahead silence from our boy, waiting like some wildly colored preying insect for its victim to victimize him. With a little more need and a lot less casual, "Hey, how would you guys like to fall by my room, and smoke a j?"

The trap was sprung and in it was caught . . . which one? Only now did our groupie dare to look at his rock-star, with that boy-next-door suddenly returned winning smile. He directed his level knowing gaze at me, telling me that this was the end of my part of the ride. I got up quickly. "Sorry, I have to go, but you guys go wait."

Finally he got up—the victor/vanquished—the phosphorescent night moth. About to enter these unremembered sexual fires of his Armageddon, he began that brief long walk to the

elevators with a quick turn back to me. "Hey, call me, okay? Let me see those pictures we took, or something okay?" He turned back, then turned again, "See ya, okay?"

The rocker was back to the business at hand: "Look, we gotta be quiet up in the room. You don't yell, or anything, do you? I mean, I don't want the other guys to know that I'm gonna . . ." The elevators closing klunk cut off the never known last of that sentence.

As our boy went off—up—to his own appointed self destiny, I looked at the rag-a-muffin. "You need a ride, or something?"

"No," barely audible, "I'm gonna wait up all night. Then I'll be the first one to see them in the morning."

"Is that your kick? Just to watch them?"

"That's all I need. All I could ever hope for."

And fantasy is as fantasy does, jeweled drenched fantasy and gritty reality cross over, join, engulf, and become one. Who will ever really know, but these two now upstairs in the private darkness of a darker room with darkened minds, what the exacts really were? We, of course, really needn't know. The outcome has long since been

pre-arranged, each by, for and to the other. One is—must be—as important to one as one is to the other. This strange relationship, more than fan, less than idol, keeps both alive through their newly vested night selves, awaiting only tomorrows return, and with it each to his former, non-physical relationship. As all good fairy tales must end, finally, bleary-eyed dawn rips the jagged lid off the night's dark comforts. And, as in all good fairy-tales, changes miraculously occur. You know, coachmen turn back to mice, and coaches to pumpkins, and that whole number

Dawn. We half see/half imagine our little groupie slipping silently from that love/lust rumpied bed. Quietly: "I gotta go now."

The rock-star gruffs it. "Yeah, kid sure. See ya around." In that moment, before our very eyes, Mr. Rock reverts to his former hetero-self, turns and goes back to sleep.

A quick look at the thick-veined chalice, from which he so recently took his own form of divine communion, and the groupie, too, begins to reassume "familiar comfortable day-self and begins his retransformation. The jewel pops from his forehead, the paint and glitter are sweat borne away in some crazy-quilt pattern, the fine thin hard lines of self knowing decadence evaporate in the first of many angry red dawn rays, sweeping away all those sparkly cobwebs and leaving us with fresh young Joe-Junior-College, Boy-next-door again.

He has returned, like Lugosi, to his own particular casket—the work-a-day reality. That other half-remembered person, the glitterer, with his strange pleasures and passions and releases, is now half forgotten. He turns at the door to go. In his just-walked path is a trail of cracked-mirror sequins and dulled sparkles. That shy/funny smile returns, as a young male fan looks at the peacefully sleeping singer.

One more request. Another great trick. A few stained picture/posters clutched reverently between two fingers, to be encased in plastic and attached to still another poster/picture, to join so many other picture/posters. One more attempt—no matter how futile—to find self, to belong, to maybe become a part of

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town traffic of tradesmen, servicemen, gentlemen, and trade. 303 Broadway, Downtown San Diego.

BRASS RAIL—Reopening under construction across the street. Formerly 3802 5th St., Downtown San Diego. Check it out.

CORNER POCKET—Lots of pool paces out the cruising style of trade studs. Sometimes rowdy crowd kept in line by the seriousness of the cruising rituals. Lacks the zest added by the psychedelic rabble of years gone by but much better for scoring. 8800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

MUSTER INN—Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hotel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

ROMAN IV—Heavy downtown traffic with plenty of room to roam. Pool tables have own side of the bar and the rituals are set but fast. Easy to score, servicemen, tradesmen, gentlemen, and trade seem in good accord. Fun location. 14 Elm St., Long Beach.

ONION TON—Constant mixing traffic, trade, drug, hustls, chicks, butch, fems, and assorted other alley cats. Pool, dancing, loud talk, and funky fun. After hours alley cat mob scene lively. Alley cat stomp. 1540 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood.

THE COVEN—Union hall crowd restless in angry atmosphere. Friendly girls weave web for mean guys. Seidom crowded, always open. 6907 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

DINING IN THE RAW

AU PETIT JOINT

This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order; call 656-9234. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Medium price is \$5.25. 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Closed Sundays.

BLA BLA CAFE

Funky decor is setting for best folk/rock/comic entertainment in town. Offbeat menu features justifiably famous omelets and specialty items, from dinners to snacks. Wine and beer served. Also open afterhours. Groovy straights and Gays. Small cover charge after 9 p.m. at 11059 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Cal 769-8912.

EL POQUITO

Very tiny restaurant and bar. Homemade Mexican Cuisine, moderately priced. Tasteful decor. Wine and beer are served. The specialties of the house are wine cocktails, champagne Margaritas, sake gimlets, etc. 10842 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

OROSSIE'S

Russian and Continental food. Medium price \$3.75 for high quality from homemade soups to homemade desserts. Menu changes daily. Bohemian atmosphere and clientele. A celebrity hideaway. Funky waiters, excellent

service. 7405 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. 876-9149.

FELLINI'S

Striking, sophisticated, rustic ambience. At last, an Italian restaurant with no hanging plastic grapes. Medium price on the menu is \$4.25. Selective wine list. Groovy waiters. Discriminating clientele. 6810 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. 936-3100.

LILL ANS

Tiny dining room is almost always packed as is their petit patio so reservations are necessary. Call 874-7011. Menu changes daily. Home-style cooking, lots of food at a medium price of \$4.25. Wine is offered. No bar. Clientele is cross-section of community with some straight friends. 1253 N. La Brea Ave., West Hollywood. Closed Sunday and Monday.

PARISE'S

Charming French inn, beautifully decorated in elegant Provincial style. Interesting French menu is medium-priced at \$5.25 and includes a special dinner for \$2.50. Lunch is served Tuesday through Fridays, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., starting at \$1.50. Sunday champagne brunch served from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Wine and beer available. 707 N. Heliotrope, Hollywood, 663-2811. Closed Mondays.

DINING WITH LIBATIONS

AFTER DARK

Two dining rooms open to full bar and piano bar. Exciting menu, with medium price of \$4.50. Bargain Early Bird and late supper menus. Entertainment after 9 p.m. Videotapes during cocktail hours. Very good food. Groovy, friendly waiters. Reservations are suggested; call 652-4210. 365 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood.

CARRIAGE TRADE

Intimate '40s ambience. One room with dividers separating bar from main dining area. Menu is mostly steaks with some specialties, medium price is \$5.00. The waiters are charming and helpful. The clientele is groovy. Full bar. Reservations suggested by calling 653-9337. 8077 W. Beverly Blvd.

FOUR STAR CAFE

Three large dining rooms. Red, red, red. Separate full bar. The American-Continental menu is medium priced at \$4.75. Food, service, and clientele variable. Sunday brunch. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. 657-1176.

GALLERY INN

Two dining rooms, one adjoins full bar. American-Continental bill of fare at medium price of \$5.25. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday two dinners for the price of one. Reservations are necessary; call 769-5400. 11936 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Sunday brunch.

GALLERY ROOM

Small crowded dining room open to full bar. Interesting saucy menu at medium price of \$4.25. Attracts aspiring actors, who in turn attract... Cocktail hours are especially... Reservations are suggested by calling... Sunday brunch served... Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

K 5 STAR ROOM

Full bar in dining room. A '40s ambience and clientele. Pleasant waiters. Steaks and a few specialties. Adjoins coffee shop of the same name. Medium price is \$4.50. 1371 N. Vine St., Hollywood. 462-9647. Lunch weekdays only.

KEITH'S

Country-western dining room and kitchen. Full bar. Noted for groovy waiters and bartenders. Medium price of the menu is \$3.75. An old-timer in the community. Sunday brunch. 11801 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood. 762-1818.

NAPOLEON'S

Main dining room separated from full bar by dividers. The medium price of the American-Continental menu is \$4.00. Sunday brunch 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Afterhours dancing Fridays and Saturdays 1 a.m. to 6 a.m., with breakfast served. 11608 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. 769-3337.

VALLIHAUS

Attractively decorated dining and bar is part of a complex of shops. Do your laundry while you dine on American Continental cuisine. Medium price of the menu is \$3.50. Check out the dollar dinner special, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, a tasty snack. Well-trained waiters. Patrons tend toward the chic. Reservations suggested by calling 762-1972. 11012 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Sunday brunch, closed Sunday nights.

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DANIEL'S

Open 24 hours. Attractive decor, funky waiters. Clientele ranges from drags and hustlers afterhours, to straight businessmen at lunchtime. Hamburgers, omelets, and salads are featured. Quality and service varies. Beer and wine served. 6776 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. 464-0667

GOLD CLIP

Coffee shop with substandard coffee shop food. Waitresses, service and clientele indescribable. A camper's camp. Must be experienced to be believed. 6700 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood. 467-2231

PICNIC CAMP

GRIFFITH PARK—Drive up to the Greek Theatre, don't turn into the Greek Theatre, turn right to the tennis courts. You can stop immediately for a snack or just check your basket, remembering what all you brought with you and drive further up for a more comfortable spot. Anywhere along the way could be fine for a little hike or if you're interested in California bushes, further up, of course, there are trails through shady groves. Several miles up the road if you don't get distracted there is practically jungle and wild animals, great place for a smorgasbord picnic. Why not go to the top and look down from the heart of Los Angeles onto the smoggy jewel herself?

SAN BALBOA PARK—Follow the crowds into the park and then park. Bring your basket along and wait a little. Don't plan to be left alone, some squirrel is bound to grab your nuts and run. Put everything back into your basket and keep walking. It doesn't matter where you go. Everything here flows in currents. After your first snack or two try to catch the Space Theatre show. It is a totally new sensual experience to mankind. When you come back out into the park there will be plenty of friends around to help you in your new orientation in reality. The wraparound movie at the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre will be 44 minutes long but time will lose meaning for you forever more. You will be dropped out of time and space into the Eden of Balboa Park. Don't forget to pack your basket. San Diego sure is treating us nice.

ZUMA BEACH—Nudity, nakedness, flesh, and healthy-minded people of all sizes and shapes are casual and carefree here. There's no sense in feeling self-conscious, if you're naked you're naked and nude is the only way you will be at Zuma Beach, around the rock. Drive north on Pacific Coast Hwy. from Los Angeles and Malibu.

SUNRISE CLIFFS BEACH—As the sun begins to break through, and you have finished your Sunday morning social at the Outrigger

Photo by HY CHASE

In Mission Bay, drive south back in towards San Diego and the signs lure you off to the right to Sun Rise Cliffs. Just bring your towel along, nothing else. A very mixed friendly crowd waits to welcome you.

GRIFFITH PARK—Seasons come and seasons go. Now when you drive up to the Greek Theater and turn right to the tennis courts and you stop immediately for a little snack you may slip in the mud as you run from the police helicopter and the horseback rangers. But if you move on up further along the trail be sure not to have matches or cigarettes on you when you go for a hike for you may find yourself up against a violation. Meditation, however, remains best on the top of the mountain. You can still go up to look down onto the smoggy jewel.

BARNSDALL PARK—All the bushes are gone now, so perhaps you could continue to be more discrete here. Olive grove and Frank Lloyd Wright design intended for meditation, cool it and all can work out mellow. On Hollywood Blvd. near Vermont, in Hollywood at the fringe of Silverlake.

TORREY PINES—(Sunrise Cliffs) Nude beach closed. San Diego.

MOVIE HOUSES

PARIS THEATER—Feature-length films, 863 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood

VISTA—Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE—Features and shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

LAS PALMAS THEATER—Talking featurettes, Las Palmas at Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

QUICKIE—Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood

LOVE NESTS

BON AIR MOTEL—Discreet, 1724 N. Western, Hollywood.

VINE LODGE MOTEL—Open, 1818 N. Vine Hollywood.

VALLEY PALMS MOTEL—Private, 11514 Ventura, Studio City.

AN OLD FRIEND—Private or party, 1830 Racquet Club, Palm Springs.

FOX AND HOUNDS—Complete facilities, vacation spot, run by Dave's, 4520 E. Mission Bay, San Diego.

SEA MOTEL—Clean linen, modern plumbing discreet atmosphere, no parties. Good honey-moon stop. No hassles, always pleasant. 475 Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

DRESSING ROOMS

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The styles trip from dressy funk through smart casual to showy macho. The range is from the party through the bedroom to the posing pedestal. The eye and the nose can be pleased and startled. Accessories and gift items to be found. Two locations—8900 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, and 2716

Griffith Park Blvd., Silver Lake.

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LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD SPOTS

LITTLE CAVE—Silver Lake neighborhood mixes western and casual with country and beer piano, singalong relaxed generation. 3111 Sunset Blvd. Silver Lake.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Afterhours for heavy silver Lake cruising. Good place to get out of the reign and see a movie. Across the street from the LITTLE CAVE in Silver Lake.

MANSFIELD HOUSE—Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd. Silver Lake.

NUT HOUSE—Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose, Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER—Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION—Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

SHINGLE SHACK—Nestled in a friendly hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOX CAR—Quiet. Interesting layout, waiting to catch on. Sometimes Sunday congregations. 2906 Los Feliz, Atwater.

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FLORENTINE ROOM—Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, L.A., just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME—Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR—Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friend test bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S—Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OFFICE—Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE, Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE—Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OLD WEST—Formerly the BIG JOHN. Someday this sawdust barroom could catch on. 5150 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

THE HAVEN—The Valley comes into down-

town Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing, which is coming soon to this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DAVID'S—Certainly not just a neighborhood bar. A loyal clientele and dining keep the bar interesting. 7013 Melrose, West Hollywood.

K'S STAR ROOM—Liquor before, during, and after dinner. Friendly Hollywood professionals gather to chat, makes for entertaining company. 1271 N. Vine, Hollywood.

JACKIE'S—Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

RED CARPET ROOM—Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood.

DE PAUL'S—Comfortable cocktail lounge with talking bartenders and get-together drinking neighbors. 1729 N. Lvar, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR—Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be cruisy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM—After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

BEACH BOY—Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

VALLI HAUS—Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 13012 Ventura, Studio City.
KEITH'S—Sociable Valley stop, before or after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11801 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

CANYON ROOM—Extremely delightful bartenders play host for neighborhood conclave. 13625 Moorpark, Sherman Oaks.

THE ATTIC—North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717½ Victory Blvd.,
TONY'S—Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

BLACK KNIGHT—Just a black box with beer and a small cruisy crowd. Not just neighborhood. 10932 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON—Across the street from the Knight, uniquely laid-out bar, some dancing, afterhours for area. 10937 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB—The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE—Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT—Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER—Nice little beer barroom stop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P.M. CLUB—Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON—Funky little bar near enough to the beach and baths. Good place for a tall cool one with the gang. Sundays good. Newly afterhours.

HOP HOUSE—Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Dabio's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM—Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPER'S—Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

SEE SAW—Busy with plans to change into cruise and score spot this place already has a lot going for it. Plenty of room broken up into different sizes. Kitchen and d'nette, large patio adjoining the private rear parking lot, game room, and long bar. Friendly bartenders, pleasant stop. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

B.J.'s—Small friendly crowd with dancing weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends. down the

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street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL—Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire district. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S—Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

THE (NEW) NEW WORLD—Remodeling for fun, cruising, and afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TYKES—Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, in L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON—Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP—Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE—Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. New location. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP—Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

• **APRI**—North Hollywood social with cruis-

ing of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bash. 6131 Vineland, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN—You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice, helpful if you need to know where to go, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH—Moderate, moderate, moderate poth and piano. Office break lounge to look off the pressure of the do drums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548 Ventura, Studio City.

PLUSH PONY—Chicano chicks play host to Latin boys. Everybody welcome for pool, familization, socialization, and plans for later recreation. 5261 Alhambra, Alhambra.

VAGABOND—Friendly talking bartenders serve good liquor to vagabonds who care to pull into port for awhile. City bar Friday and Saturday busy neighborhood crowd. 315 E. Florence, Inglewood.

FRIENDS—Opening again soon just for you Pomona, and you too passerby, and maybe you. Not just a bar but "an idea." Check it out soon. 735 E. Mission, Pomona.

MASON'S BAR—Opening soon for San Diego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

THE HANG UP—Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 7810 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

IT'S A SCANDAL

BIG SKY

A health spa and resort, just outside Hollywood, is scheduled to open soon with bar and restaurant. In a mountain setting, it's an 18-room mansion with one of the world's largest pools. General Offices, 7511½ Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, 874-4681.

MASON'S ADULT BOOKS

Up-to-date selection of adult books and magazines with some bargain racks. Large gay section. Open until 2:30 a.m. at 1702 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

M/B CLUB—Two locations. On Melrose just west of the Hollywood Freeway. Good crowd, lots of Levi membership with strong flavor of leather. Best bring knee pads. Several dark rooms with sparse furniture.

M/B CLUB #2—Same principle—preying and praying. Neat little snack bar with campy jukebox. Various rooms to brush about in. 5643 Cahuenga, No. Hollywood.

SELMA'S—Not a bath with private rooms. A massage parlor with private boys. People who like people. They're that kind of people. And they know what they're doing. 5859 Melrose, Hollywood.

DRAKE THEATER—Destined for notoriety, this joint is an outrageous front for hot trade. Extremely sated but pleasantly accommodating personnel operate an establishment at ease and rolling with trade—none of whom seem too naive, but smelt of suburban trucks and factories. 7566 Melrose, West Hollywood.

HOUSE OF SEVEN—Not just another variety spot this new den seems to have found a tap on new proletarian playboys, workout men interested in having a weekend away from the suburbs without melting in steam and pouring back home to the wife and kids without a Sunday left in them. Dark corners have replaced wall space, which should bunch up any wall flowers that might stroll in undercided. 5645 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

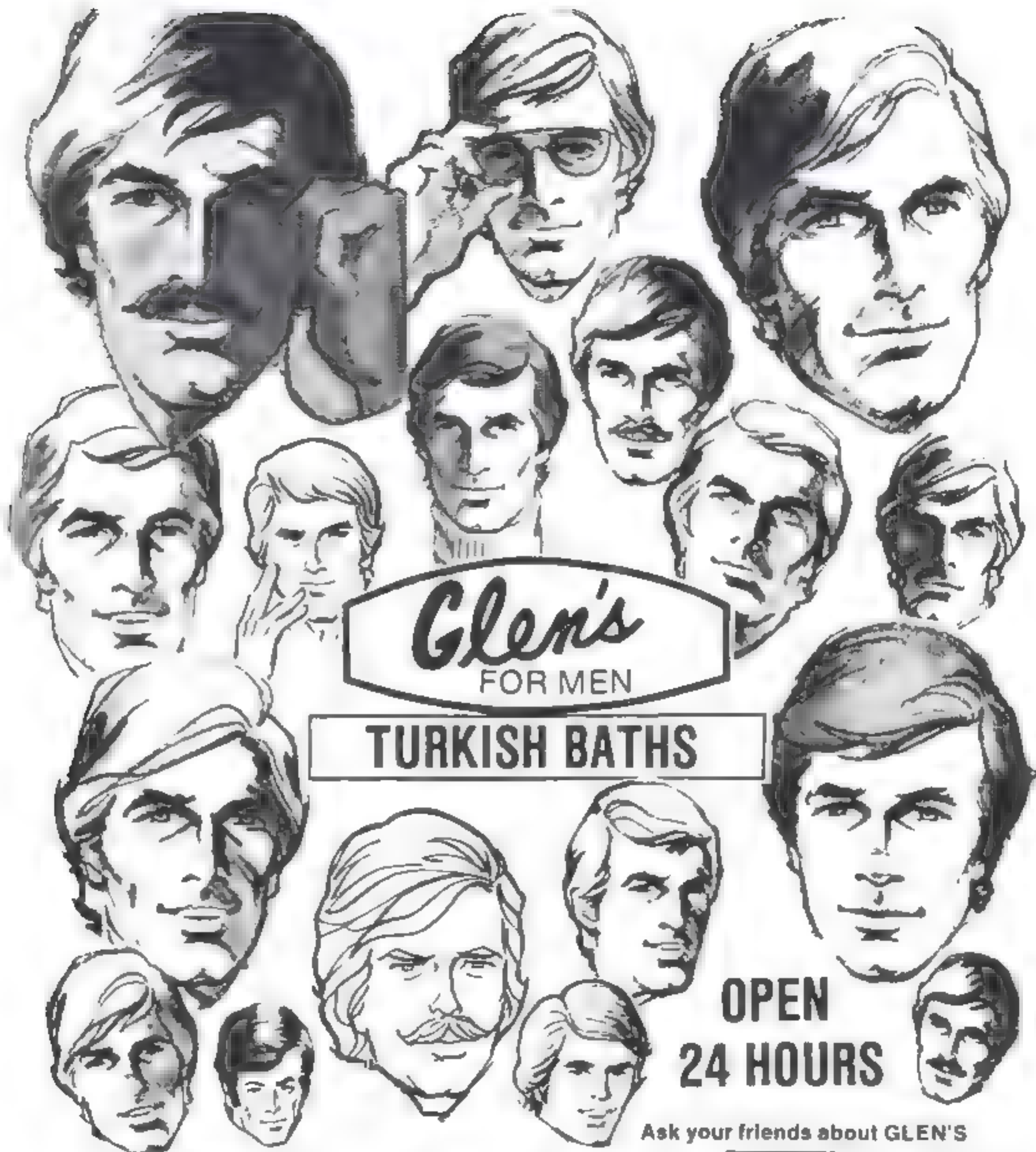
MINESHAFT—Wicked intent ones disperse on weekdays but still carry a promising atmosphere, cruising and conversation, beer and boys, nice and friendly. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OCTAGON CLUB—Will she or won't she? No one may solve the mystery until Octagon Club is housed in one spot and run from one central office, which it may or may not intend to do. Some clues say that it will be San Diego's version of Big Sky and when it lights upon Marshall Scott's Playland Park it certainly seems like a Big Sky. You can enjoy it then at Hwy 8 and Jennings Rd., San Diego. But if you want to join you may find it has the same offices as Big Sky, except the answering service only knows about music and vending machines.



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live alone

didn't return to again in my presence.

He liked to quote Bacon: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are an impediment to great enterprises," and Harris insisted that Gay marriages were just as likely to hold one back: "Personal, animal contentedness may be a fine goal for most people, but anyone aiming higher must allow neither sex nor entangling alliances to impede his development."

"Isn't that damned snobbish?" I asked.

"Yes. It is. But I think it's dishonest to pretend that creativity isn't superior to routine, workaday jobs, or the necessary but tedious business of baby-making."

Harris was not a cold person. He approached sex and friendship with casual openness and deep warmth, though like a man who eats with gusto then gets up and goes about his real business.

Twice during the years I knew him, Harris suddenly moved a flock of early-beatnik youth into his large apartment, got down on the floor with them for some lotus-position spiritual communion. I guess both episodes coincided with vacations from his work. . . .

The first time, after he suddenly expelled his guests, I protested, "It's not good for man to be alone."

"So bring me some animals of the field, like God did for Adam," he snapped bitterly. "This man needs a lot of time alone. Our society tries to make het monogamy the norm for everyone, forgetting that Jesus chose to be unwed and St. Paul even urged all Christians, except for moral weaklings, to be single." (It always astonished me to hear Harris quote the Bible.) "Rome says that serving the Church takes the whole man—that's why priests can't marry. We know that people are put together with differing needs and capabilities. Simple reason tells us that any man who is committed, to science, art, politics, whatever, cannot do justice to a marriage and to his profession. 'No man can serve two masters.' The dedicated man may choose to be gregarious. But he lets no one tie him down. For him, friend-

ship and sex have to be peripheral."

I accused him of rationalizing his frustration. "If I'm frustrated," he replied, "I don't know it. It wouldn't matter anyhow. The world needs scientists, just as it needs bricklayers, baby-makers and lovers. I give my chief commitment to one job."

Perhaps those who would live by his rule need his sense of commitment. He leads a productive, rich and satisfying life. And when he does have sex or make love, he isn't stingy about it.

I've known more Gays for whom it didn't work out that smoothly

* * *

Johnny Gelfels was a mystery to me. He seemed the thwarted type, but I'm not sure—and I've since known others almost exactly like him. He supervised a New York tenement near Houston and A, sharing his filthy basement with several cats and stacks of papers and magazines all having arcane significance to him. Filthy and smelly, Gelfels looked at 31 like an "old auntie." He was contemptuous of "piss-elegant queers and faggots," but was an astonishingly interesting person, able to recount amusingly every New York scandal since the turn of the century and every homosexual scandal since the demise of the Roman republic.

He made a nightly tea-room search for what always seemed to me the most dehumanizing sort of sex contact—and usually came back elated. Sometimes he'd let a hippie kid crash with him (those so honored seem to share some non-sexual affinity with him) but out they went if they disturbed his precious piles of junk. He said he preferred living alone, but I read all sorts of psychological "explanations" into his life-style: rejection, self-contempt, etc. Still, it appeared to be his choice, and he was as satisfied with it as a lot of well-mated sorts I've known. I didn't find his life-style appealing, but he didn't impose it on others.

Was he single because he was too unappealing and too unaccommodating to manage a partner? I really can't say. . . .

* * *

Dirk Hutzieff's philosophy resembles Harris Medwick's, though he's obviously more ambivalent about it, but their lives differ radically. Single by choice, Dirk seems hardly Gay by choice. Much the

grand bitch, he can hardly stand the competition of a woman in the same room. He's a dedicated artist, but most of his "friends" laugh at his baroque paintings. Ironically, his two novels and his exquisite poetry, which he holds in low esteem, were more successful. He has a large Los Feliz apartment and throws a party two or three times a year when he finishes a painting. They start as formally prissy affairs (wine, canapes and the same old Judy records) but often end as brawls when Dirk invariably selects a guest's date as his next lover/model, followed if successful, by a brief, torrid romance, with the newest "Greek god" sitting for Dirk's next Blake Quaintance-like painting.

Dirk's elaborate, mystical, "love force" theories require that love, which inspires and fuels his paintings, shall never stagnate into a permanent or smothering relationship.

"The Eros-passion," he explains, "like a match's incandescence, naturally consumes itself. All art seeks to crystallize, to preserve for all time, an image from the flaring passion which the artist must glimpse and then release before he can create. If he tries to wallow in passion beyond its time, he will never create. The artist must deliberately snuff passion out at its zenith to realize it artistically. Others too have this Promethian temptation to prolong the moment of high feeling, which even the commonest clod is prone to. He *thinks* he can preserve the moment of grandeur, transmute it into domestic bliss. The Greeks recognized this as the grand illusion. Love, like any passion, is a form of divine madness that surges over us and then burns out. So people engage a priest to bless the cold ashes, pretending that they still tend the flame of love."

If Harris, Johnny and Dirk (their names are disguised, but their conversations are about as I recall them) seem bizarre, the fact remains that they, like many other, have made apparently satisfactory lives for themselves without benefit of long-term partnerships.

* * *

Gerald Abritten was a promising young foreign service official. Extremely brilliant, he had an ability to pump people without seeming to, a striking facility for languages (he first got me interested in Arabic), a dignified appear-

ance, and cleverly charming social manners. I met him through New York friends back in the McCarthy period. Gerald was seen once too often making 42nd Street pickups. He fought dismissal openly, never once denying his Gayness—but in vain. He ran through his savings and had it rough until he got an overseas job with an export firm, which I've heard he now owns.

"It was during that period," he said, "that I *really* missed not having someone to come home to. I've always been an independent sort, never wanting to cry on anyone's shoulder, but the months of my security hearings, I sorely needed someone. The few friends who stuck by me were marvelous—but that's not the same thing."

But six months later, Gerald was certain he'd never have survived the ordeal if he'd had a lover to worry about.

"If some inverts are sensitive to blackmail, it's because society forces us into secrecy. Perhaps I ought to have found a less conspicuous place to cruise. But all the best foreign service men are single, and usually inverts. It's the man who puts his family first who's the real security risk—and every family man I ever knew in the service was a tea-room queen. To do diplomatic work, under present circumstances, you *must* be a loner—and I *like* it. I think it's immoral for a man to leave a lover or family back home while he works around the world. I frankly think the ones who do it want the *reputation* of being married, but not the daily grind."

* * *

The idea that marriage and career don't easily mix is a theme familiar to movie-goers, with *Funny Girl* and a thousand bathetic predecessors showing a woman who lets her ambition for the bright lights ruin her marriage. The moral (missing from similar films about male scientists and such who give their long-suffering family the short end of the stick) is usually that she should just forget the crap, settle down and do right by the guy.

Marriage and partnership is based on the idea of settling down. That generally means that your job, your friends, your opinions, your status, aren't expected to do anymore changing, except in the prescribed rut (changeability is considered an adolescent trait).

But some of us—and I think this is in the essence of Gayness—are still in motion, still growing, joyously unsettled. "Growing up" and "settling down"—both het ideals—mean growing *only* to a fixed point. *Continuing* to grow is a Gay ideal: hanging loose, being free, remaining open to new possibilities. It is anathema to those who say we must all "grow up."

The concept of nesting, staying fixed, settling down, is repressive of the Gay nature. I don't say that it's wrong for any Gays to form partnerships. I don't say that all Gays are still evolving. Like most hets, many Gays either stop growing during adolescence, or else their growth is kept "tidy," like a box hedge.

There are of course few things more beautiful than two people (why not three?) who are growing spectacularly but in harmony. But growth and change are by nature unpredictable, and most often, two who are really growing in freedom will grow apart—which is not to deny the value of their partnership while it remained creative.

The single person is free, as a partner rarely is, to switch his taste from cool jazz to acid rock and back; to paint the apartment yellow; to change his politics or religion; to pick up new hobbies or do any variety of new things that would place insuperable strain on partners who either shared tastes, or who'd adjusted to each other's tastes.

If your drive (and not just what you've been taught to expect) really points you in the direction of partnership, you won't let my praise of the single life throw you. If you have a yen to settle down, and expect your tastes and opinions to remain "stable" or at

least to follow fashion, then look for a lover who's right for you. If you expect to hang loose, you might be well advised to do it alone.

* * *

Some bear singleness like a cross. The "liberal" Churches not long back decided that a homosexual couldn't help being "that way," but that he should be encouraged to celibacy. This created a once-vast class of up-tight, single homosexuals which has still not vanished. A "Y" counselor I brought my "problem" to years ago was typical. His aggressive masculinity left me quite unprepared for *his* confession:

"You're not alone," he groaned. "Millions of us have to bear this burden. But it's up to you. You can spend your life feeling sorry for yourself. Or you can live in slinking degradation, or you can go out to shock everybody who loves and respects you. But *if* you have the moral fiber, you can with God's help turn this terrible urge into a beautiful and useful thing. Man's love for man, the purest emotion we humans are capable of, ought not be corrupted by abominable practices."

I'd asked for bread and he'd given me a stone. He saw sex as the ultimate sin, complained of constant temptations while working at the Y, but felt sure his own yearning made him a sympathetic worker. I ended up trying to counsel him.

A great many homosexuals (I don't call them Gays, for they think that the "difference" is only in their despised sexual desires) still are single because they see homosex particularly as sinful. They are in a class with others who have sex openly, but can't accept a partner



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because that would be approving of behavior they still regard as sick or degrading.

Many, like Ray Pittrucci, who, as Dorothy Parker wrote, "seek to find monogamy, pursuing it from bed to bed," but veto each prospective lover by impossibly high standards. I keep wondering if Ray really wants the monogamy he spends so much time pursuing. Or is all the nightly love-pledging (he's scored almost a lover a night for 20 years) just camouflage for a really promiscuous spirit? If only he could approach his prospects in a less demanding way! Some of them aren't too ready to leave when he cuts them off. . . .

There are other types: those who are single because their youth or their love instinct has dried up; those who never learn how to bag the right game; young passive Gays who let themselves get picked up and shoved into roles someone else designs for them, until they are fed up. . . .

Tillie Andrews was a perfectly amazing woman I took writing (and chess and hiking) lessons from some years back. She spotted hints of Gayness in a short story I turned in, and that led to my asking why she'd never found a mate.

"A mate for me?" she roared. "Could you imagine there being two like me? I'm a single old shoe, and heaven and earth couldn't find a mate!

"A real mate is someone who matches you pretty close, and if I found someone like myself, the two of us couldn't stay in the same room ten minutes! Oh, maybe I'm kidding myself. But mateship means equality, really meshing with another person. Maybe the odds were better when I was young and softer around the edges—but I was a skitterish bird even then.

"People think you can't really love but once in a lifetime, or at least one person at a time, but the dimensions of love are limitless, and I've had all kinds—the first teacher who ever kindled an intellectual spark in me, school chums that I still correspond with, two ex-husbands and a son, all dead, my students now, this town, and this whole, foolish and wonderfully promising country of ours—loves aplenty, but never a real mate in my 62 years—and I

haven't missed it. I don't think everyone's capable of true mateship. I've had too complex a life, too fluid, too explosive, even, to blend softly with another person. Hell, I've been a doctor, a suffragette, a state senator, a poet, a radical. I've hiked all over Hawaii, backpacked up the Rockies, and I can still outmaneuver most kids on a motorcycle. . . ."

"Don't you get lonely?" I asked.

"Hell, I've got an oversized bag of memories, and still have my health. Every new student is like a fresh romance, without my trying to take over their lives. It's a question of independence; do you want to tie down to somebody else or not? I like other people. I'm quite gregarious, even though there are times when I want to be alone. But I've never had this proles-

sive hankering to tie myself down."

A few nights later, at a Chinatown dinner with Tillie and six young girls, it was obvious that any of them would have given an arm and a leg for the privilege of being tied to Tillie Andrews—and damned if I didn't consider it myself!

We must give up the het notion that being Gay is simply a search for a same-gender equivalent to het marriage. Some Gays will find that and enjoy it. Good. Some will want it and not find it. Not so good. But others will more and more find that they are looking for something else, and I wouldn't be surprised if the science-fictional notions of Harris Medwick turn out as fair prophecy . . . that we will grow toward an all-encompassing sort of communal love.



"Buddy, we've got to stop beating like this!"

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— Bill Dover, ACTION MAGAZINE

"The film contains more erotic footage and diverse activity than dozens of similar films put together, but here they are creatively thought out, intertwined with a hard-hitting dramatic story and a sensitivity never, ever seen before in any male erotic film. The 130 minute film builds in intensity and impact, to the final mind-boggling finale... And I suggest if you can't see it ONCE, then you must see it TWICE!!!"

— Bill Gary, ENTERTAINMENT WEST MAGAZINE

"'THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW' takes off like a jet-propelled rocket... This is a strong statement, even when limiting the picture to its own field. I'll go even farther to contend that 'Light' out ranks every big budgeted, Hollywood film with a gay theme made to date, with the exception of 'Midnight Cowboy.' In 'Light,' the good, the bad, the beautiful, and the ugly assume their proportionate perspectives to meld into a sometimes poignant, often shocking drama that is so realistic, homosexuals as a minority group can say, 'At last, they've made a motion picture for us, about us!' Perhaps, the very thing that I once abhorred, the fact that this is an explicitly presented film, is one of the contributing factors to its impact."

— Gerald Strickland, DAVID MAGAZINE

"Most gay films take a day or two to shoot. 'Light' took weeks to shoot and months to edit... The movie will soon be released nationally and should keep the audience on the edge of its collective chair."

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